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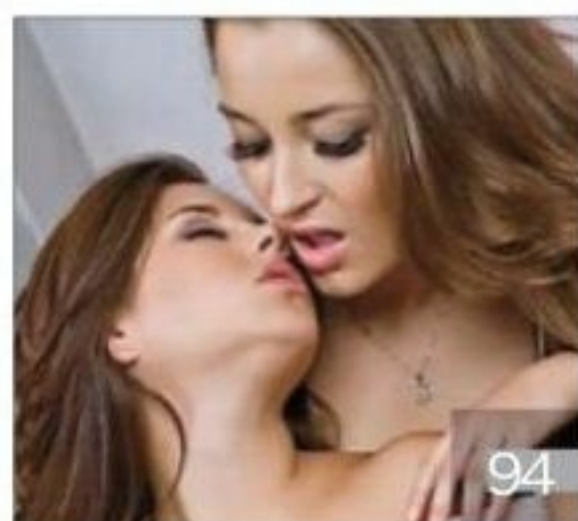
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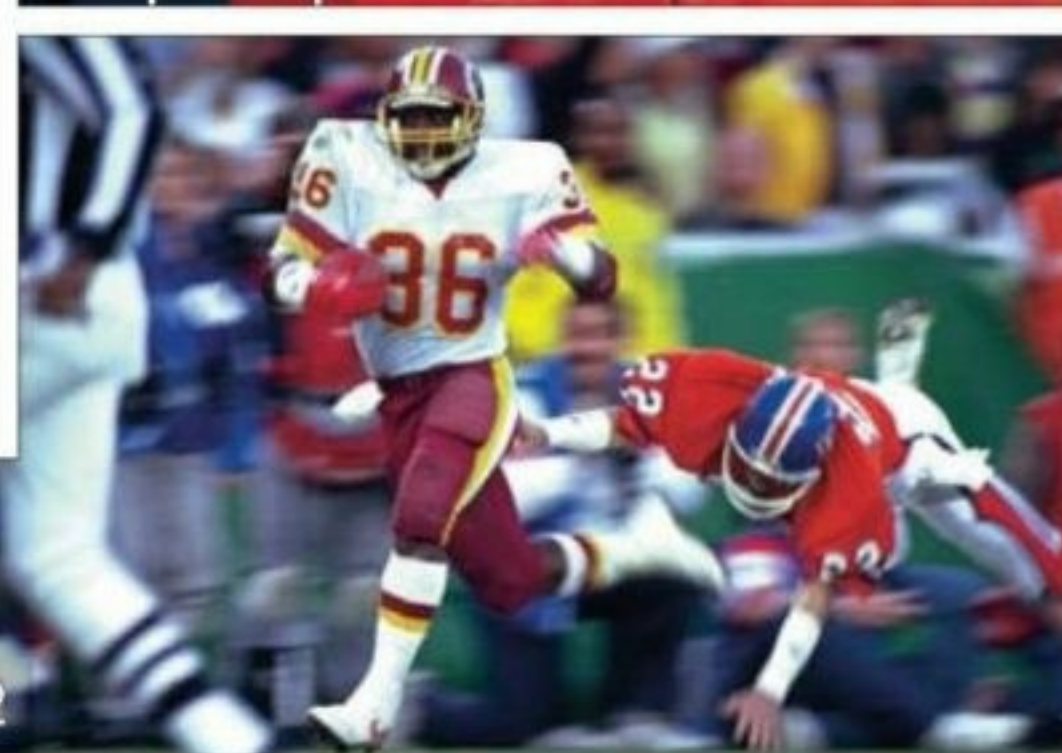
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Truly Unique

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Weekend With Terry

My friend Terry is without a doubt the best fuck of my life. And I've fucked a lot of guys in my 23 years. He's tall, solidly built, and absolutely delicious. I can't get enough of him. We tried sticking to meeting up a couple of nights during the week, but sometimes I just can't get through the day unless I know I'm going to have his fat dick to fill me up later that night.

One day I was so horny I texted him during a meeting and had him meet me at a department store during my lunch hour so we could screw. I pulled him into the dressing room and he fucked me so hard I could still feel it when I went home that night.

I actually have a boyfriend, and Terry has a girlfriend, but we're not ready to call it quits. We both like having the best of both worlds.

We rarely get to see each other on weekends, but occasionally we manage to hook up. Sometimes I can convince my boyfriend to have a night out with the guys, and when that

happens I get in touch with Terry, and he either tells his girlfriend that he's going to hang out with his buddies, or suggests she have a girls' night.

Last weekend, we both got lucky and we ended up having the entire weekend to indulge ourselves. My boyfriend was away on business and Terry's girlfriend was visiting her family, so Terry picked me up from work in his van and drove me home. It was a crazy ride, with Terry feeling me up while I stroked his hard shaft and sucked on his earlobe. We barely made it into my apartment, but when we did, we made up for lost time—lost time being exactly three nights since we'd last fucked.

We made the most of the slow ride up to the fifth floor in the ancient elevator, and were practically naked by the time we stumbled down the hallway and through the doorway to my apartment.

I stroked him twice, then guided the fat head of his cock to my dripping pussy. He slid in balls-deep with one thrust.

As soon as the door closed, I slid my hands down his hard chest and pulled down his pants and boxers. His cock was hard and wet at the tip. I knelt in front of him and sucked him right down. I love hearing him groan when I deep-throat him, and I love the way he grabs my head when he fucks my mouth. But my pussy was throbbing and needed to be filled. I backed off and lay back on the floor, legs spread invitingly, hands lazily tweaking my nipples through my bra.

Terry kicked off his shoes and stepped out of his pants, then knelt between my legs. He pulled down my skirt, which he'd already unzipped in the elevator, and tossed it aside, along with my shoes and panties. When he started to go down on me, I closed my legs and told him I wanted his dick in my pussy. We had plenty of time to suck each other off. The only thing I wanted was for him to fuck me.

Terry got the message, and when he moved back up to kiss me, I opened my legs and reached for his cock. With our tongues twisting around each other's, I stroked him twice, then guided the fat head of his cock to my dripping pussy. My cunt was aching to be filled, and slick with my juices, so he easily slid in balls-deep. I cried out immediately at the sensation and we both took a moment to appreciate that first, deep thrust. I didn't think he could get in any deeper, but I wrapped my legs tightly around him anyway.

We both started rocking our hips, slowly at first, grinding against each other as we kissed. Then, as our mutual need for satisfaction drove us to a different level where we needed the frantic friction that only some hot, sweaty fucking can deliver, Terry gave me the hard, drill-like thrusts that sent us both over the edge.

Afterward, as we lay there side-by-side, I became aware of a slight stinging on my backside, and I realized that I might have to come up with a plausible explanation as to why I had carpet burns on my ass. When I told Terry, he just laughed and said we'd figure something out, just like we usually did.—P.J., New York

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

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OLD HABITS

I knew when Gina and I got married that she'd had an adventurous sex life. That was part of the reason I'd been attracted to her. But once we were hitched, we settled into a comfortable monogamous relationship. Until recently, Gina never said whether she missed any of her ex lovers—or the sex parties. Then one night we were watching a porno and there was a really hot scene that started between two women, which later progressed to a threesome with a guy. Five minutes into the movie, Gina was hornier than she'd been in months, and we were sucking each other off on the couch.

Afterward, I asked her if she missed her former lifestyle, and she surprised me by admitting that she did. She just hadn't mentioned it because she was unsure as to how I'd react.

She needn't have worried. I told her I'd give my left nut to see her in bed with another woman, as long as I didn't have to just sit on the sidelines. Gina was downright giddy with excitement. After pouncing on me and giving me a deep kiss while she stroked me hard again, she told me she had a friend in mind and that she'd arrange everything. Just the thought of Gina bringing another woman into our bed for us to fuck was enough to make me come.

As the week progressed, I bombarded Gina with questions about our prospective partner, but she played coy and told me she'd have everything arranged by the weekend. Getting through the workweek was pure agony. Every time I thought about the weekend, which was pretty much nonstop, I got a hard-on.

By the time Friday rolled around, I couldn't concentrate on my work and left early. Gina was already home, watching porn with a woman I'd never met. Her name was Angela and she works with Gina. She was the complete opposite of Gina—tall and brunette—but just as hot as my wife. But the best part was that they were both naked.

Gina and Angela came over to help me undress. Angela started on my belt while Gina lowered my zipper. I leaned down to kiss Gina and knew that they'd started without me. I'd just met Angela, but I already knew how sweet she tasted from kissing Gina. Not to be outdone, Angela slid



my dick into her mouth and almost brought me to my knees. Gina retreated to the sofa to rub her pussy and watch Angela suck my cock.

The entire scene was surreal and way too much for my senses. Seeing Gina finger-fuck herself while I mouth-fucked a beautiful stranger was beyond anything I could have imagined. Just as I was about to shoot my load, Angela pulled back, so I creamed her neck and tits.

After I stumbled into a chair for a breather, Gina came over to clean my cock. I couldn't wait to see her lick my jizz off Angela's boobs. I'd never seen my wife with another woman, and when she knelt next to Angela and lapped up every bit of my cream, my dick got hard again. Gina was sucking and licking Angela's tits as she slid her fingers back and forth through

her slick juices. Angela moaned and begged Gina to suck her pussy. I wanted her to do it so badly that I almost begged her myself.

When Gina finally buried her face in Angela's cunt, I almost lost it. I had to stop stroking my cock or it would have been over too soon. Gina used her tongue to lick and probe Angela's pussy and rubbed her clit. Gina's face was shiny with Angela's juices. At that moment, I couldn't have imagined a hotter scene. When Angela climaxed, her entire body quaked with tremors and my cock erupted for the second time that night.

Gina lay next to Angela, gently kissing and touching her. "Well, was it everything you thought it would be?" she asked.

I told her it was all that and more. "Then let's take this party into the bedroom," she said. "You ain't seen nothing yet!"

She was absolutely right. It was a dream come true.—*E.R., California*

More letters on page 124

Just the thought of Gina bringing another woman into our bed for us to fuck was enough to make me come.

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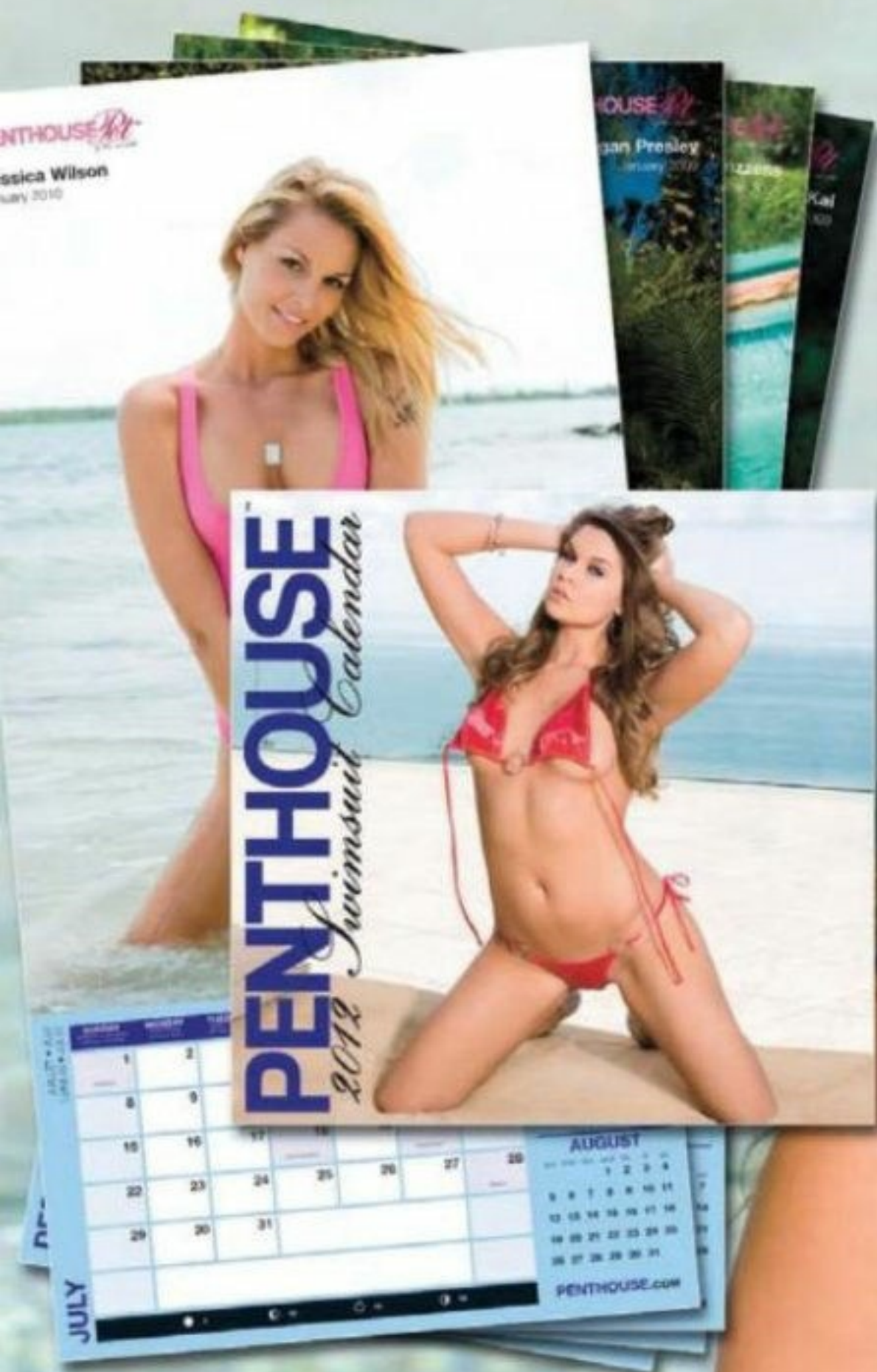
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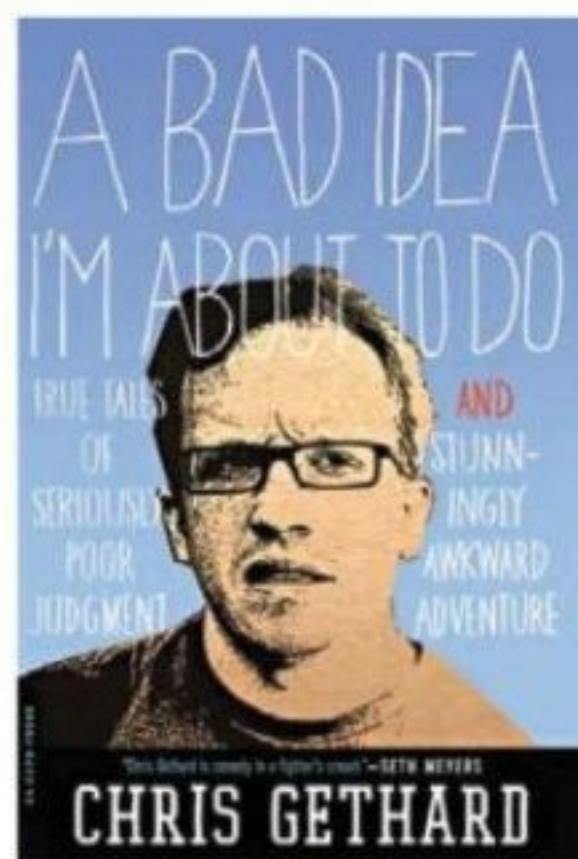
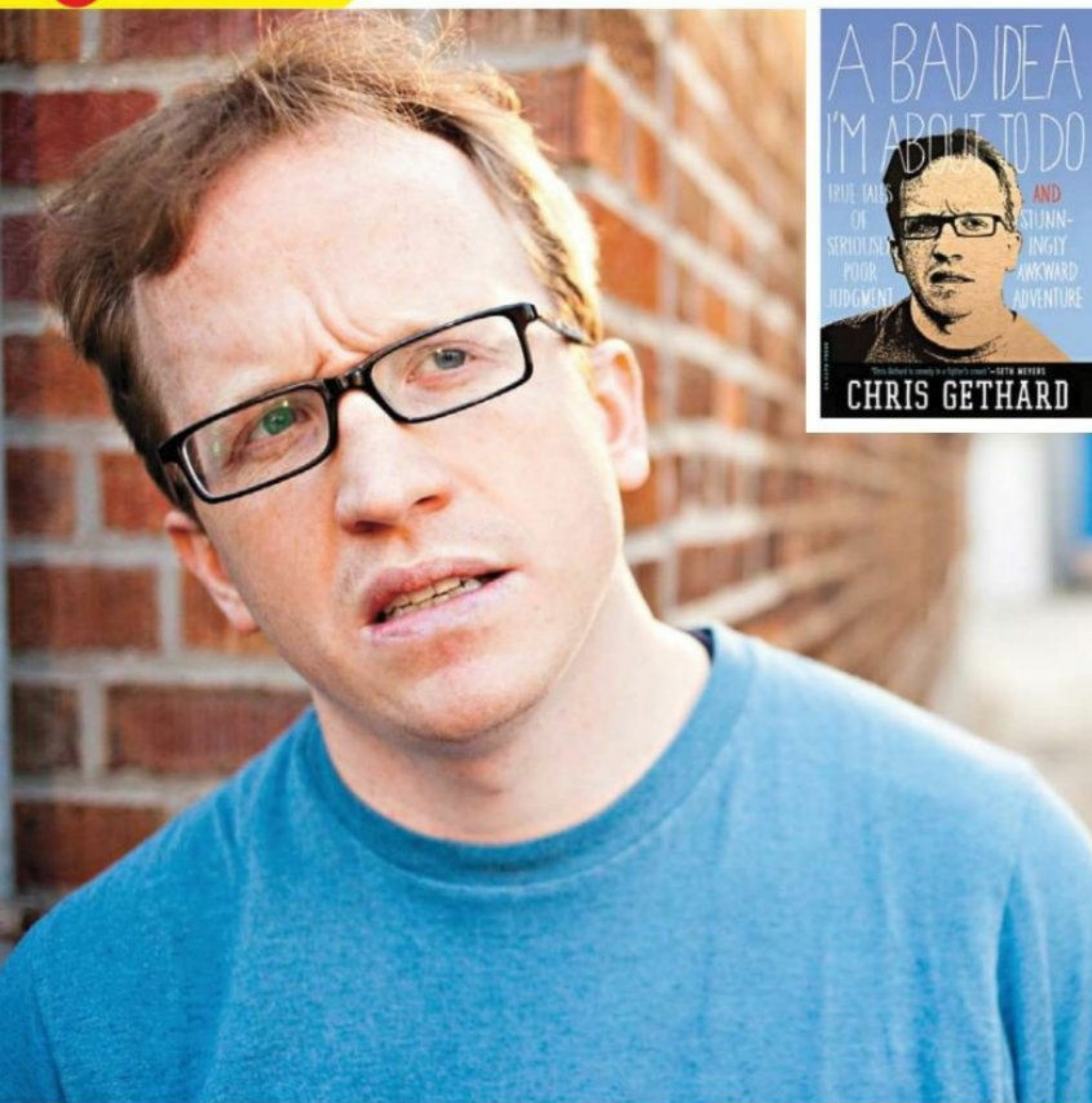
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Bad-Idea Genes

In his collection of "true tales of seriously poor judgment," comedian Chris Gethard shows an inborn knack for falling into risky situations, like getting in the ring with professional wrestlers and volunteering for the Scared Straight program.



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A Bad Idea I'm About to Do
By Chris Gethard
Da Capo Press

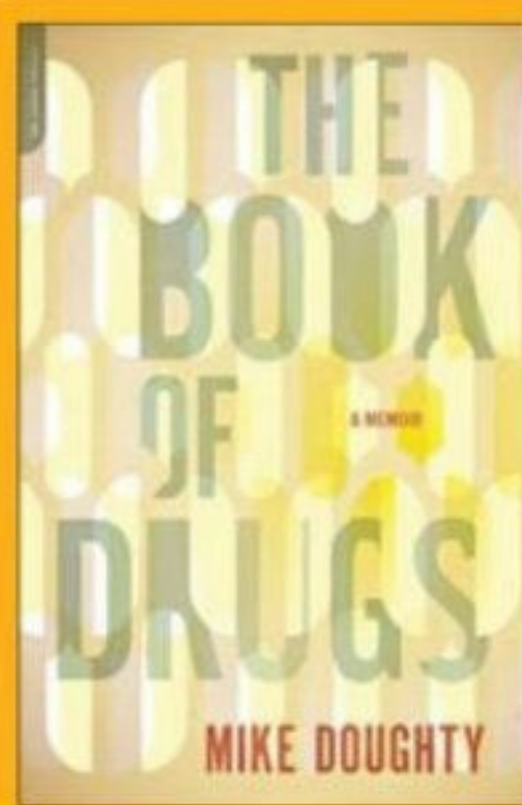
It's impossible to say which of the "bad ideas" comedian Gethard executes here is the worst. It could be getting into the ring with professional wrestlers, or volunteering for the Scared Straight program, or engaging a New Jersey state trooper in a high-speed car chase. But whatever the circumstance, Gethard—an actor and comic who starred in Comedy Central's *Big Lake*, and has appeared on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*, *Jimmy Fallon*, and *FunnyOrDie.com*—maintains a daredevilish attitude and considerable amounts of charm. In between his nerd-meets-*Jackass* escapades, he wittily recounts his battles with depression growing up, and his social awkwardness, ensuring that readers will be in his corner as he attempts to lose his virginity, tries jujitsu, gets a colonic, and goes to jail for a day. A funny, poignant read that might send a familiar message to all the geeks out there: It gets better.

How To Be Black

Baratunde Thurston
OF THE UNION

How to Be Black
By Baratunde Thurston

The comedian and internet commentator—who no less a figure than President Obama described as “someone I need to know”—tackles his life story while delivering large swaths of comedy and doses of sociopolitical commentary. Thurston was raised by a single mom in mid-eighties D.C., when the city doubled as both the political and crack capital of the U.S. Yet he also had access to some of the most rarefied segments of society, attending Chelsea Clinton alma mater Sidwell Friends School and Harvard University. This unique perspective, along with more than “30 years’ experience in being black,” informs his humorous and insightful take, from Harper, on the state of race in contemporary society.

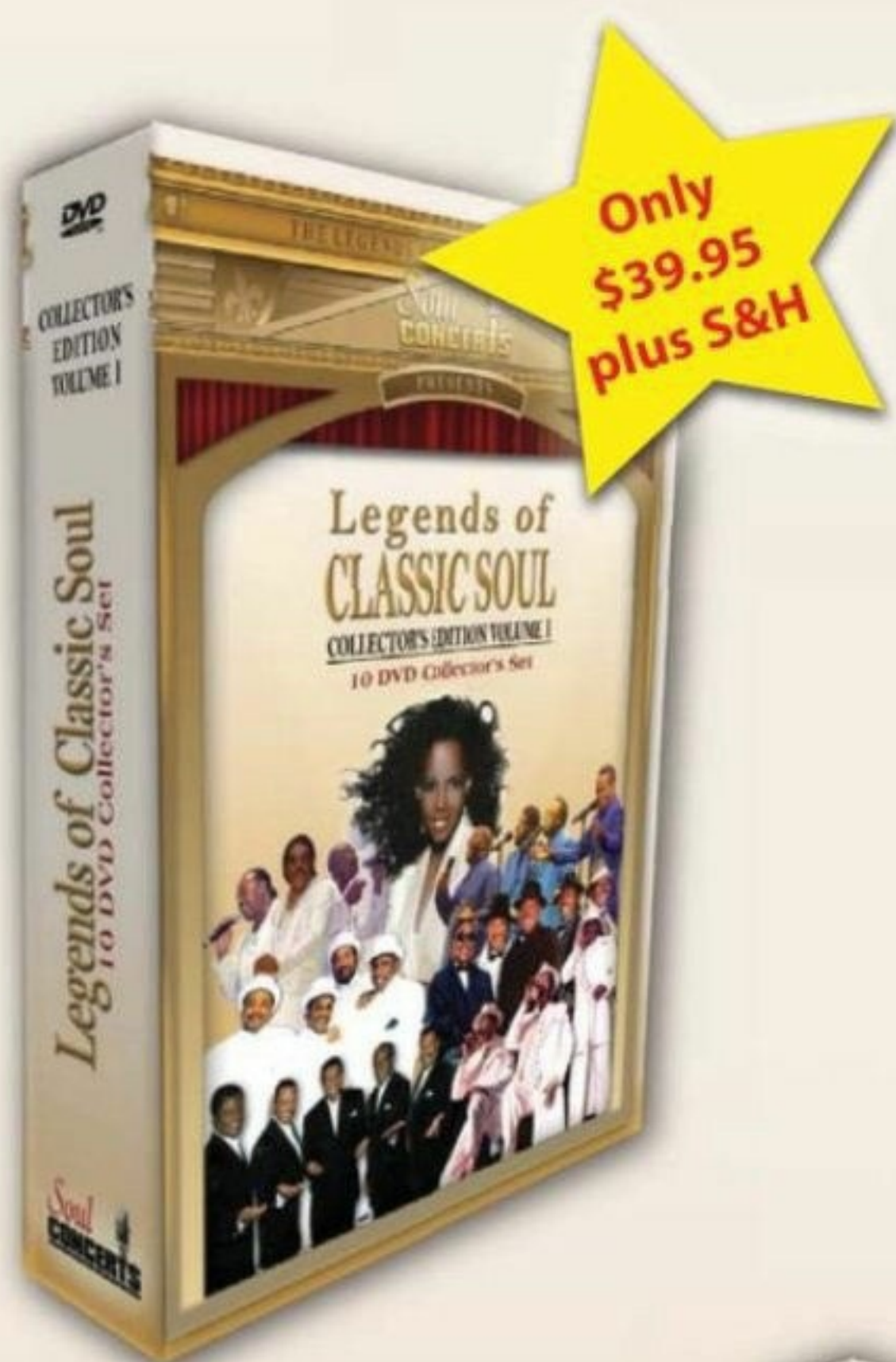


The Book of Drugs
By Mike Doughty

The former Soul Coughing singer starts out his memoir, from Da Capo Press, warning that he doesn't want to write “just another drug narrative.” While there are scenes familiar to the genre—copping, sketchy situations, highs and lows—there are also unique insights into the life of a musician, and a quest that takes him to Ethiopia in search of the ever-elusive peace of mind. Mixed into the narcotic misadventures are encounters with Redman, Ani DiFranco, and Jeff Buckley. Doughty strips away the glamour many people associate with the rock-star life, and his sharp writing reinvigorates even the most overdone clichés about recovery.

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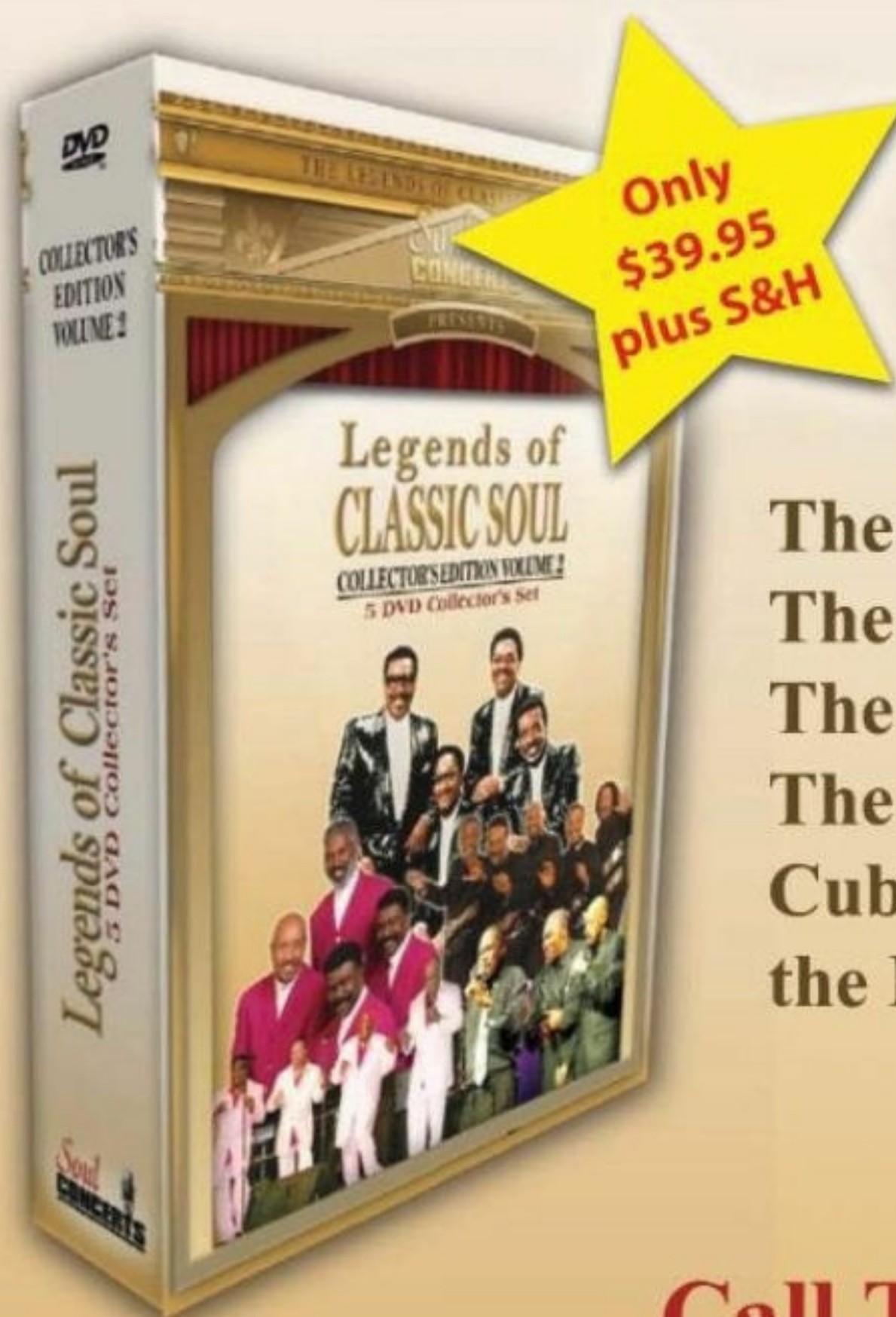


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BACK IN THE LIFE



In *Contraband*, Mark Wahlberg plays an ex-smuggler drawn back into his criminal past to save a family member.

Contraband

Mark Wahlberg, Kate Beckinsale, Giovanni Ribisi

Love him or hate him, Mark Wahlberg has produced a pretty interesting filmography, from *Boogie Nights* (1997) to *The Departed* (2006) to *The Fighter* (2010). We'd even throw the underrated Will Ferrell comedy *The Other Guys* (2010) in there. So we have reasonable hopes—call it 50-50—that this smuggling thriller will join that segment of the Wahlberg opus, and not the *Rock Star* (2001) portion. He plays a crook who's gone straight and started a family, but is drawn back into the game to protect his hapless brother-in-law (Caleb Landry Jones) from a drug lord's wrath. The cast is promising: Ribisi plays the scumbag villain, Ben Foster and Lukas Haas are helpful operators, and Beckinsale—always enjoyable to look at—is Wahlberg's wife.



**The Innkeepers**

Sara Paxton, Pat Healy, Kelly McGillis

Indie horror director Ti West is only 31 years old, but his movies seem to come from a bygone place: Take 2009's stylish *The House of the Devil*, a retro babysitter thriller that might have been dislodged from the dusty shelf of a 1980s video store. West's latest is certain to give you that *Shining* feeling: A purportedly haunted hotel is about to close, and a pair of thrill-seeking employees decide to stay over and do a little ghost-busting. Think they'll end up laughing about it? West is smart enough to pay homage to such greats as *The Haunting*, while not forgetting to scare the bejesus out of you.

**The Grey**

Liam Neeson, Dermot Mulroney, Frank Grillo

Put Neeson in a January action flick (*Taken*, *Unknown*) and you can count on some dopey, granite-jawed fun—it's about as dependable as you re-gifting that "humorous" coffee mug you got for Christmas. All of the elements come together for this tough-looking survival movie, directed by Joe Carnahan (*Smokin' Aces*), in which our oil-driller hero (Neeson) and his team crash-land in remote Alaska, where hungry wolves close in. Expect plenty of slo-mo hand-to-paw combat—Neeson even fashions a fierce set of makeshift claws—and grumbly pep talks directed at the weaker-willed. Can a movie this dumb actually work? Hey, as long as it stakes out its territory and defends it, fangs bared, anything is possible.

**Undeclared**

Bill Courtney, O. C. Brown, Montrail "Money" Brown

To get a sense of this Memphis high school football documentary, think *Hoop Dreams* meets *Friday Night Lights*. Our subject is an especially woeful team, the Manassas Tigers, whose members, we learn, used to be rented out to serve as tackling dummies for neighboring squads. But a local businessman sees greatness in them and sets about reversing the program's sorry history. Along the way, the filmmakers spotlight some of the players' personal misfortunes and anger issues—and build to an off-field denouement that lends emotional punch to the formulaic material.

REVIEW

The Divide

Lauren German, Michael Biehn, Milo Ventimiglia

Atom bombs fall on Manhattan and, after a brief prelude, we're stuck in an apartment building's sealed-off basement with crazed survivalist Biehn, rattled mom Rosanna Arquette, and six other urbanites bound to get on one another's nerves. The premise doesn't exactly scream "fun night at the movies," but give this psychological thriller credit for going to the extremes of desperation that most end-of-the-world films gloss over. No *Mad Max* comes to save the day, and a petty fiefdom emerges around the dwindling stash of canned food and water. Here's hoping this gruesome scenario never comes to pass; the movie is slog enough. **C-**





DVDs

BY KARA WAHLGREN



Good Morning, Vietnam

"Vietnam War comedy" sounds like an oxymoron—until you throw Robin Williams into the mix. Williams plays real-life Armed Forces Radio Service deejay Adrian Cronauer, who entertained the troops with irreverent monologues, news updates, and sixties rock. The Blu-ray disc does justice to the classic-rock soundtrack, and the extras boast loads of improv footage and raw monologues from Williams.



Das Boot

This critically acclaimed film follows an idealistic crew, their cynical captain, and an inexperienced war correspondent on a submarine during World War II. The twist: It's a German flick, the sub is a U-boat, and the crew is fighting (however reluctantly) for the Nazis. But it's still a favorite among foreign-film and military-history buffs. The Blu-ray includes such exclusive high-def content as a director's cut, a tour of *das* boat, and behind-the-scenes footage.

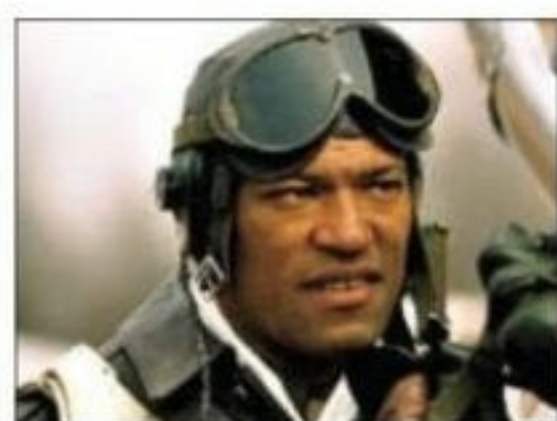
Blasts From the Past

What's old is new this month, with some of our favorite flicks being re-released in high-definition glory. These war flicks, biopics, and modern classics deserve a second look.

Stripes

Bill Murray stars in this classic comedy as a cabbie who signs up for basic training after losing his car, his job, and his girlfriend. Oddly enough, Murray wasn't even supposed to be in the movie—it was originally pitched as "Cheech and Chong in the Army"—but

30 years later, it's still one of his most memorable roles. We love the mud-wrestling scene with John Candy and (of course!) the *Penthouse* shout-out at the end. Look for commentary and a retrospective documentary in the bonus features.



The Tuskegee Army

A badass movie, a badass cast, based on the true (and badass) story of the first African-American combat pilots—what's not to like? Laurence Fishburne, Courtney B. Vance, Mekhi Phifer, and Cuba Gooding Jr. star as members of the 332nd Fighter Group, which faced racial discrimination and was almost disbanded by a congressional hearing, and ultimately earned more than 850 medals during the course of the war. The Blu-ray comes in a 32-page hardcover book of photos.



Malcolm X

While it wasn't a raging success at the box office, this biopic of the controversial activist and advocate garnered a well-deserved Oscar nod for star Denzel Washington, and was recently selected for preservation in the National Film Registry. Bonus features include a making-of documentary, commentary from director Spike Lee, deleted scenes, and a DVD of the 1972 *Malcolm X* documentary.



The Josephine Baker Story

Okay, we'll admit that a TV biopic about a cabaret dancer in 1920s Paris doesn't sound too exciting. It helps that her claim to fame was dancing topless in a skirt made of bananas. Lynn Whitfield brought home the Emmy for this movie (thanks to her portrayal of Baker from age 18 to 68), and the Blu-ray release features a new commentary track by Whitfield, writer Ron Hutchinson, and associate producer Alisa Taylor.



Traffic (Criterion Edition)

This hugely successful drug-trade drama weaves together the lives of a police officer tangled up in the corrupt politics of Mexican drug cartels, a conservative anti-drug judge with an addict daughter, and a DEA official trying to take down a notorious drug lord. There are three commentary tracks, 25 deleted scenes, and additional footage from multiple angles, and you can geek out even more with a bonus feature on the film processing that gave each storyline its unique look.



To Kill a Mockingbird

You were forced to slog through it in high school, but somewhere along the way you realized it was a pretty fucking awesome story. The American Film Institute named Atticus Finch (portrayed by Gregory Peck) the greatest movie hero of all time, and the 50th Anniversary Edition Blu-ray includes Peck's Oscar-acceptance speech, along with documentaries, commentary, a featurette on the film's restoration, and more.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF SONY (STRIPES) AND WARNER BROS. (MALCOLM X). ALL OTHER IMAGES BY EVERETT COLLECTION



SNOW PATROL
Fallen Empires
 Island
 ★★

Similarly bombastic and equally British, Snow Patrol are often unfairly dismissed as the poor man's Coldplay. Yet head Patrolman Gary Lightbody is an uncomplicated and graceful songwriter, able to pluck bits of swoony melody from the ether as effortlessly as lint off an old sweater. But the role of vanilla bard fits him less comfortably than it does the naturally dull Chris Martin: *Fallen Empires*, Snow Patrol's tepid sixth LP, aims for the universal but gets bogged down in the routine. Folksy guitars are set to "uplift" on snoozers like "I'll Never Let Go," and even Lightbody sounds bored when praising "the birds and, yes, the bees" on the turgid "Life-ning." The politely carnal "Called Out in the Dark" is better, but overall this is a lukewarm offering.

BLAND AMBITION

Snow Patrol aims high but falls short on their snoozy sixth LP, *Fallen Empires*.



Punk has always prioritized passion over performance, but Cursive frontman Tim Kasher has never been

one to let a little orthodoxy stand in his way. During his Omaha band's ten-plus years of existence, he's evolved from emo screaming to digressions about sex and religion. Now he's gone operatic: *Gemini* is a song cycle about good and evil twins named Pollack and Cassius (!), with commentary provided by angels, devils, and conjoined sisters who share a skull. It would teeter on its own pretentiousness if the songs weren't good. Luckily they are, from the playful bite of "The Cat and Mouse" to the neurotic new wave of "The Sun and Moon." It's a schizoid success.



CURSIVE
I Am Gemini
 Saddle Creek
 ★★★



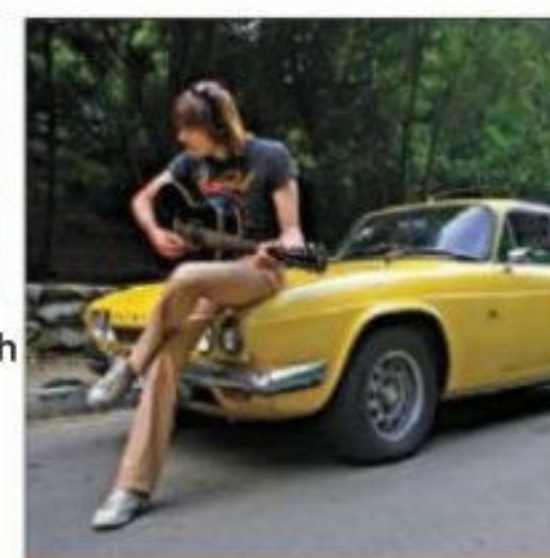
In his day job, fronting boho bar-band revivalists the Hold Steady, Craig Finn shakes and sweats, song-stories pouring out of him like a librarian having a seizure. For his first solo album he's tried something harder: sitting still. Written and recorded in a rented room in Austin, the record rolls more than it rocks, a rootsy and intimate collection of country-fried tunes about old friends named Jackson and new friends named Jesus (apparently, the Messiah sucks at sports: "It's hard to catch with holes right through your hands"). It turns out Finn's cracked Americana sounds just as poignant over pedal-steel guitar as it does over empty bottles and full ashtrays.



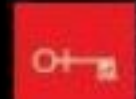
CRAIG FINN
Clear Heart Full Eyes
 Vagrant
 ★★★



It's not a stretch to imagine Evan Dando wanting to forget much of the past 20 years—if he can remember them at all. The scruffy Lemonhead was an indie idol at the dawn of the grunge age, and has been a druggy, genial footnote since. Now, with a new Lemonhead lineup, he has released this charming curio, a collection of acoustic, *Into Your Arms*-era tunes recorded solo into a boom box on a lazy Sunday in "either December '92 or February '93." It's an endearingly hazy trip back in time, featuring Dando strumming his way through half-finished songs about Juliana Hatfield and for Belinda Carlisle. It was promising then. It's almost poignant now.



THE LEMONHEADS
Hotel Sessions
 Hall of Records/Breath of Saltwater
 ★★



PLAYSTATION VITA

SONY • STARTING AT \$249

The PlayStation Portable (PSP) has been dogged by a deficiency ever since it exited Sony's Research & Development department six years ago: a lack of two joysticks. For the handheld system's sequel, the festively named Vita, Sony has answered the call for more control in just about every possible way. Like touch screens? The Vita has two—a five-inch multi-touch display, and a Braille-like textured pad on the back. Wish the PSP had motion control? The Vita has built-in Sixaxis sensors just like a PlayStation 3 controller. And, of course, the Vita sports the dual sticks that

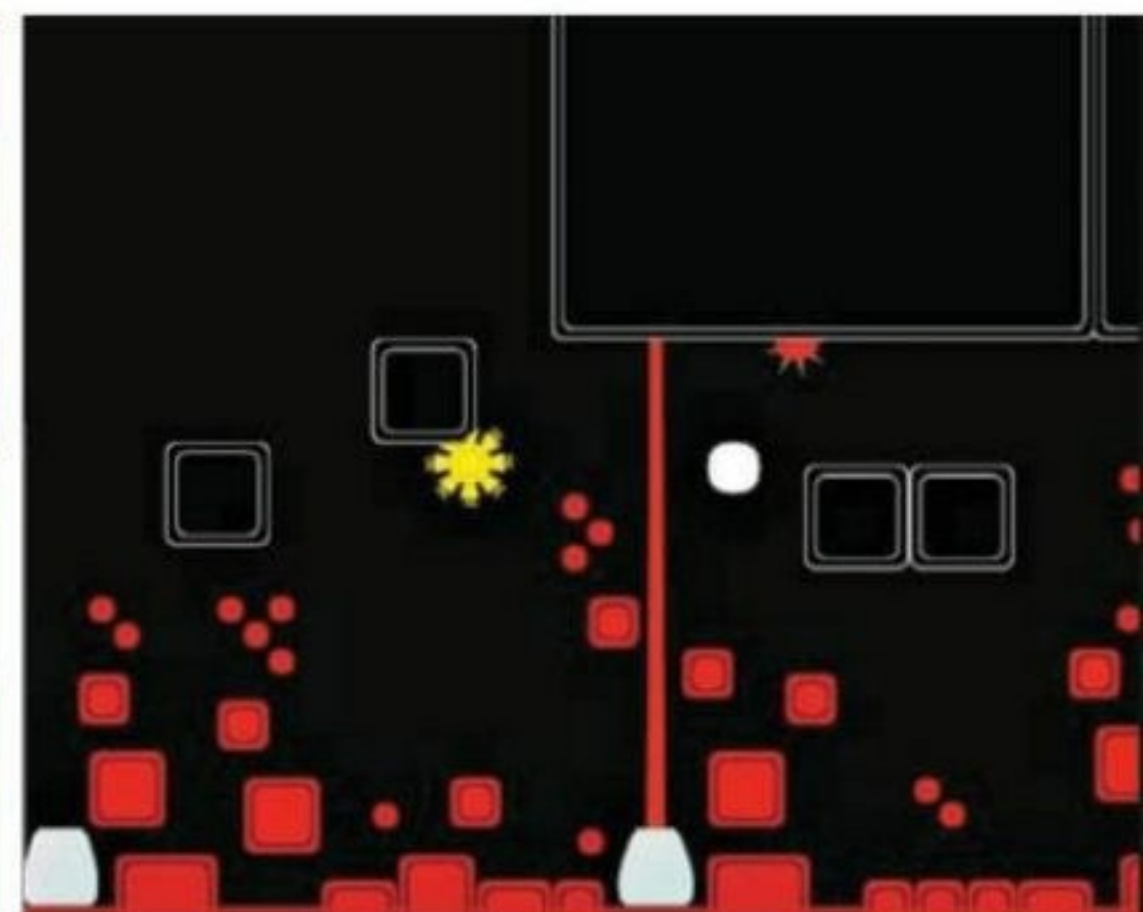
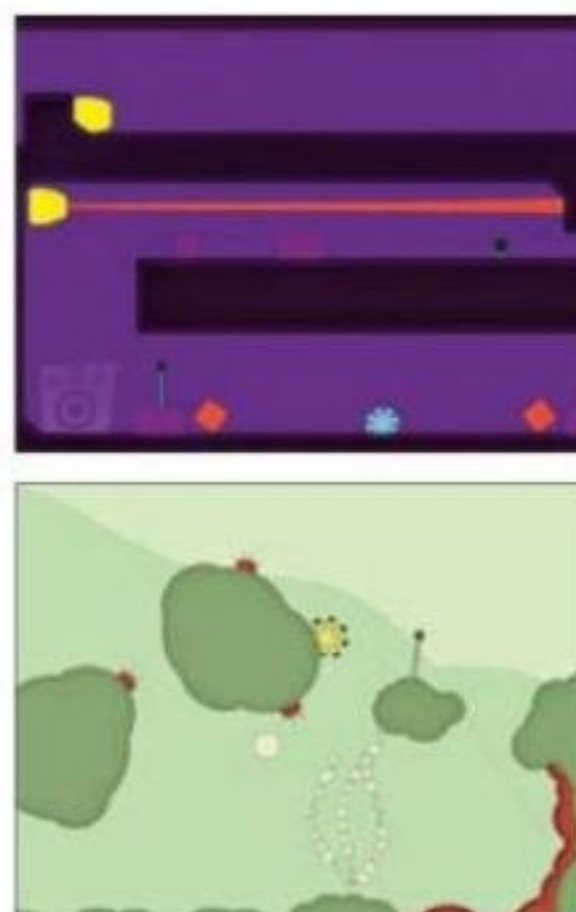
were missing on its predecessor.

Sony is pushing its new machine as a social hub as well as a portable game system. Vita users can browse the web, play multiplayer games, or stalk one another online via Wi-Fi (on the bare-bones model) or AT&T 3G (available for an extra \$50). Front and rear cameras allow for augmented-reality games that turn the world into a battlefield, although the first wave of Vita titles sticks with traditional console-style fare. Find our two top picks from the launch crop below.



UNCHARTED: GOLDEN ABYSS SONY (PS VITA)

The Vita's must-buy showcase title not only takes advantage of the system's new control tricks, it looks nearly as good as the PlayStation 3's *Uncharted* titles. Players can opt to wield the dual touch screens to maneuver heroic rogue Nathan Drake through the cinematic set pieces that define the series. Motion control for the balancing and aiming portions of the game is a bit hit or miss—emphasis on miss. Still, if a Vita launch game is capable of delivering this type of home-console experience, we can't wait to see what the system will do down the road.



SOUND SHAPES SONY (PS VITA)

Static screen shots do this game no favors; it comes across as a low-fi relic from the days of 2-D gaming. What you can't see, however, is that everything in the game's world makes music when you interact with it. Collecting notes adds to each stage's tune, and playing to the beat helps your hero—a sticky little blob—dodge enemies and leap chasms. "You're creating the soundtrack as you play," says creator Jonathan Mak, who compares his game to a musical instrument. If you're particularly happy with your custom soundtrack, you can share it with other players in the community.

**SOUL CALIBUR V**

NAMCO BANDAI (XBOX 360, PS3)

With the likes of Yoda, comic hero Spawn, and Nintendo elf-boy Link appearing in previous installments as guest combatants, weapons-based-brawling series *Soul Calibur* has become the videogame version of *Battle of the Network Stars*. At least this latest chapter has a cameo that makes sense. Ezio Auditore, the silent-but-violent mercenary from the *Assassin's Creed* series, brings his arsenal of backstabbing moves to the game. He joins the largest roster of blade-wielding combatants in *Soul Calibur* history. Whether Auditore's stealthy skills will upset the fine balance of the series' famously fluid gameplay (players online treat it like a competitive sport) remains to be seen, but at least busty brawler Ivy is as voluptuous as ever.

**Battlefield 3**

EA (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

•VERSUS•

Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3

Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

Which war zone packs the most heat?

SINGLE-PLAYER EXPERIENCE

Battlefield 3 sticks closer to the smoke and chaos of real-life warfare. Authentic-sounding radio chatter and desperate cries from comrades will keep you focused as bullets and rocket-propelled-grenade rounds shatter the world around you.

The short solo campaign passes by in a Michael Bay-inspired blur of impossible battles and cinema-ready settings. This is war for soldiers too busy to stop and smell the napalm, but it makes for a wilder ride than *BF3*.

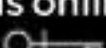
MULTIPLAYER EXPERIENCE

While its competition focuses on the ground war, *Battlefield 3* lets players ride into the danger zone aboard jets, helicopters, tanks, and other vehicles. Smaller, vehicle-free levels don't quite pass the close-combat muster of *MW3*.

Lacking vehicles, multiplayer in *Modern Warfare 3* is strictly for gung-ho grunts who love owning newbies via online kill streaks. Fun co-op modes lessen the stress of dealing with the trash-talking masses of public matches.

IN WHICH WAR SHOULD YOU ENLIST?

If you prefer Spielberg to Bruckheimer and playing Maverick instead of Rambo, climb into the cockpits of *Battlefield 3*.

If you think every battle should be an action movie—and you can hold your own against punk kids online—*MW3* wants you. 



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GET SOME NAPTOWN NOOKIE

Super Bowl XLVI will be the first in Indianapolis. Since it's unlikely the home team will be playing in the big game, we'll give you a jump on the rest of the out-of-town crowd and help you partake of the Circle City's highly evolved nightlife.

By Joe Diamond

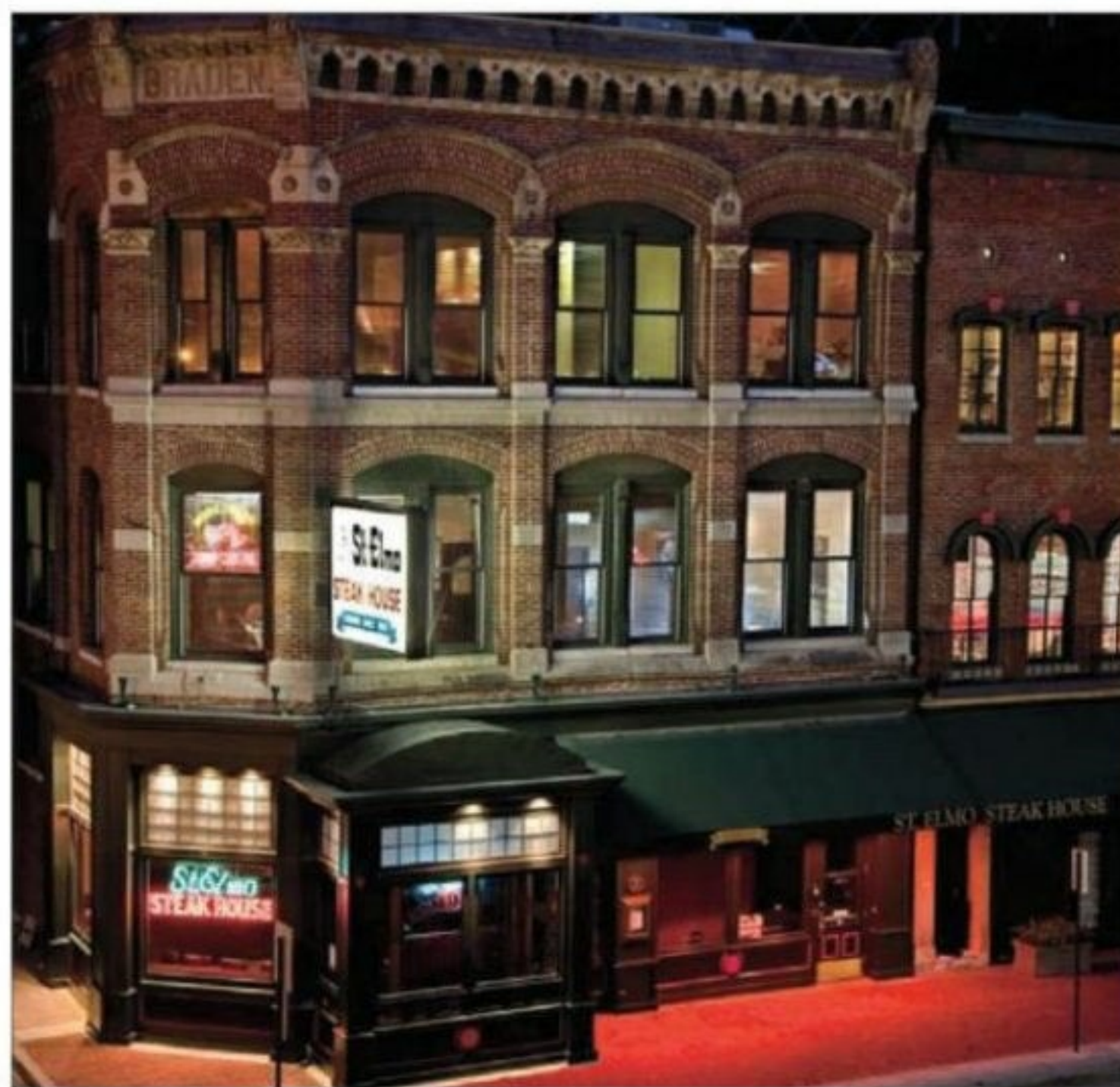


Nicky Blaine's



St. Elmo Steak House

Nicky Blaine's



BARS

■ Nicky Blaine's

NickyBlaines.com; 317-638-5588

If James Bond were in town, this is where he would chill after a day of kicking ass. The upscale cigar bar is in the basement of the Guaranty Building, just steps away from the Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in the center of the city. The atmosphere is dark and smoky, of course, but there's enough visibility for you to peruse all the elegantly appointed eye candy. Nicky Blaine's offers a staggering selection of Martinis and stogies, and it may be the only place in town where you can enjoy a midnight snack of chocolate fondue, a sumptuous fruit and cheese plate, and scampi bruschetta. The bar does not have a dress code, but it's definitely not a jeans-and-sneakers kind of place.

■ Mineshaft Saloon

MineshaftSaloon.ws; 317-253-5844

If dressing down is more your style, you'll find a more receptive crowd here. It's known as Broad Ripple's Original Party Bar (much of Indy's nightlife centers around downtown or Broad Ripple Village), and it plays a combustible mix of college rock, retro, and current dance tracks. Indy's alternative paper *NUVO* calls it the "best place for hookin' up with the opposite sex." Thursdays are especially popular, with pints of draft beer going for a buck.

■ Rock Lobster

RockLobster.ws; 317-253-5844

A few doors down from the Mineshaft Saloon is its sister establishment, the Rock Lobster, widely considered Broad Ripple's most popular bar. The Rock Lobster, which, as you might expect from the name, was originally an eighties bar, features a large dance

floor, 21 flat-screen TVs, live music every Thursday, and great drink specials, including \$1 drafts and \$5 Ketel Ones. Weekends bring long lines of young party animals, so get there early. (It opens at 9 P.M.) The outdoor patio is open year-round, making it a great spot for generating body heat with a horny Hoosier lass in the chill of winter.

■ 1933 Lounge

StElmos.com; 317-635-0636

Downtown's newest hot spot occupies the second floor of the landmark St. Elmo Steak House. As the name hints, the lounge honors the end of the Prohibition era. Comfy cognac leather sofas, a restored vintage bar dating back to 1898, and two antique fireplaces provide a sophisticated yet laid-back feel. Single women flock here, in part to enjoy the flavorful cocktails, including the signature Elmo Cola, which is

made of Maker's Mark bourbon, Madagascar vanilla beans, and Italian Luxardo Maraschino cherries served with an ice-cold Coke.

DANCE CLUBS

■ Landsharks

Land-Sharks.com; 317-254-8157

How can we ignore a place that was voted Indy's best singles bar by AOL readers two years in a row? The sexy bartenders and go-go gals provide a Vegas feel, and the crowd includes tons of beautiful, well-dressed women. Join them on the dance floor or drink them in from the VIP booths, excellent vantage points for people-watching. All drinks are half-price on Wednesdays, including the 64-ounce signature Shark Attack. This is a stomping ground for local athletes, and has also attracted such international celebrities as Eddie Vedder, Carmen Electra, and Dennis Rodman.

■ Vogue Nightclub

TheVogue.com; 317-259-7029

This former X-rated theater is one of the Midwest's top nightspots, for both its live music and dancing. Despite its intimate setting, the venue has featured plenty of national touring acts through the years, including Johnny Cash, David Byrne, the Dave Matthews Band, and the White Stripes. The dance club is in full swing



on Wednesdays and Saturdays, featuring everything from retro and Top 40 to hip-hop and techno. Wednesday also boasts great drink specials, with \$1.50 Buds and Bud Lights, and \$2.50 Cuervos. Captain Morgan drinks are \$3 on Friday and Saturday. As one reviewer on Yelp .com put it, "The crowd is there to have fun. It's not really a see-and-be-seen type of club, more of a sweaty dance-your-ass-off-and-get-drunk type." Sounds good to us.

HOTEL HOT SPOT

■ High Velocity Sports Bar

HighVelocityIndy.com; 317-860-6500

Inexpensive food and drink combined with a high-tech ambience centering on a multidimensional media wall have made this bar hugely popular with locals and visitors alike since it opened in early 2011. It's located on the ground floor of the new 34-story JW Marriott Indianapolis, the tallest hotel in the state and the largest Marriott in the world. That means if your flirting leads to something more tangible, you might be able to move your private party to one of the 1,005 guest rooms. Then again, during Super Bowl Week, you might have to

settle for a quickie in the bathroom. Either way, it's just a few blocks from Lucas Oil Stadium, so it might be the ideal place for post-game partying.

ODDS AND ENDS

■ The Yoga Center

TYCYoga.com; 317-255-YOGA

Indy blogger Leslie Bailey says the Yoga Center's Broad Ripple location is "literally packed with hot girls." How do you get in on the action? Single classes are \$17, and range from traditional practice of postures and breath to "slow flow," which calls on students to trust the process by moving through most of the class with their eyes closed. Clearly no one's considered that then you can't admire all those sweaty babes. We suggest the eyes-wide-open Hot Vinyasa class, a vigorous yoga experience that's infused with core conditioning and rockin' tunes.

■ The Fresh Market

TheFreshMarket.com; 317-259-9270

This is an old-world European food mart in the heart of the Midwest. From the cinnamon aroma that wafts through the place to the sexy shoppers in tight-fitting workout clothes—blogger Bailey calls it the "Flesh Market"—the chain's Broad Ripple branch has something to stimulate all your senses. The food, of course, is the main draw: Everything from fresh-baked goods and bistro-style meals-to-go to a candy department stocked with gourmet chocolates, jelly beans, gummy bears, and more.

■ Goose the Market

GooseTheMarket.com; 317-924-4944

Two important things to know: Downtown Indy's popular specialty food and wine market is just two miles from the coeds at the city's biggest college campus, Indiana University-Purdue University Indianapolis, and *Bon Appétit* magazine named it America's top sandwich shop. Drive your taste buds wild with the Batali sandwich, a combo of coppa, soppressata, capocollo, provolone cheese, and tomato preserves. For wine or beer, head downstairs to the Enoteca, where you can sit at the communal tables or pull up a stool at the bar. Either way, it's a fine spot for socializing. ☞





THE TURNKEY CLASSIC

Great design never goes out of style. • By Bill Heald

Moto Guzzi's 1971 V7 Sport was a true bellwether for the Italian marque, incorporating lessons learned from the Café Racer Guzzis from the fifties and sixties, and boasting a new frame design that emphasized handling over horsepower (making the bike competitive against much brawnier machines). Unfortunately, riders accessorized with pudding bowls: crude motorcycle racing helmets that appeared when the machinery itself was no less experimental, distinctive, and even a bit iconoclastic. In those days a bike's form followed function, and the true beauty of innovative engineering


was apparent for all to see, rather than concealed beneath acres of bodywork.

Over time, manufacturers of rolling things have happily embraced new technology, but when it comes to motorcycles there exists a strong design bond to the past, especially with models that have marked true turning points in a company's history.

The new V7 Racer is a fitting tribute to these classic bikes, and mixes meticulously executed Moto Guzzi-detail touches with some more contemporary hardware to deliver the performance and reliability the modern motorcyclist requires. The 90-degree air-cooled V-twin "Flying V" engine architecture of the original V7 is intact, modernized with Weber

Marelli fuel injection. In case you're not a Guzziphile, the term "Flying V" refers to the transverse mounting of the cylinders so they're in front of your knees and in the breeze. The Racer's unique paint treatment starts with the frame, swingarm, and hubs, which—like the original race bikes—are a brilliant red hue that flaunts the then-innovative lightweight double-cradle backbone design.

The suede solo saddle terminates in a cool aerodynamic tail fairing (a passenger pillion is an available accessory). You'll find drilled-aluminum components all over the bike, which were the carbon fiber of their day, for by drilling holes you lighten the weight yet still have a suitably strong part. Suspension bits include a pair of fully adjustable Bitubo rear shocks, and powerful Brembo brakes handle the stopping chores. This gentleman racer also has Guzzi's famed shaft drive, which won't sling chain lube on your riding gear.

It certainly isn't the latest crotch rocket on the market, but it lures in admirers with discerning tastes. If you're not in the mood to socialize, the Flying V is but a twist of the wrist away, and you can let the timeless cadence of the exhaust take you to a simpler era. I'd pass on the pudding bowl, though. 

V7 RACER SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled, 90-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	80 mm x 74 mm
Displacement	744 cc
Fuel system	Weber Marelli electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Fivespeed
Front suspension	40-mm Marzocchi hydraulic forks
Rear suspension	Twin Bitubo shock absorbers, fully adjustable
Front brake	Single 320-mm
Rear brake	Single 260-mm
Front tire	100/90 18 Pirelli Sport Demon
Rear tire	130/80 17 Pirelli Sport Demon
Fuel tank	4.49-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	60.18 inches
Seat height	31.7 inches
Curb weight	436.5 pounds
Base price	\$9,790

THE HIGH-TECH FLYING V

The V7 Racer embraces Moto Guzzi's past, but what would a state-of-the-art sport-touring ride using Guzzi's signature engine be like? The Norge GT 8V is a smooth, powerful, long-haul travelling partner. Powered by a 102-horsepower, eight-valve, 1,200-cc Flying V that is both smooth and punchy, the big rig handles crisply, whether in town or on the open road. Big detachable saddlebags, an electrically adjustable windscreen, heated grips, ABS brakes, and a six-gallon tank are all standard. \$15,990.





THE NEW BOSS IS HOT

Ford shows the other guys how to do retro right. • By Bill Heald

It sounds simple: Take a potent V-8 engine, bolt it to a rear-wheel-drive power train, adorn it with some neo-retro bodywork, and—*huzzah!*—instant pony-car goodness. But there's clearly more effort necessary if you want to deliver a machine that gets hearts pounding and reaches the motorhead soul deep

within us. The new Chevy Camaro, Dodge Challenger, and Ford Mustang have all been decent efforts to this end, and have proved to be very entertaining neo-retro muscle cars that combine the style of the past with the technology of our high-tech present. But in my view, nobody nailed it yet, even though they came close—until the new Boss waltzed in, that is.

Ford has resurrected a revered name from the past, and, unlike many times when this strategy has just been a marketing exercise, this time it actually means that something special is under the decals. The Mustang Boss 302 is not just a fitting tribute to the original; it may just be the hottest, tightest, best all-around Mustang ever to roll out of Flat Rock, and a benchmark for the other guys to aspire to.

Why so much adoration for this new pony, you ask? More than anything else, it's how all the pieces work together to turn a foal into a stallion. From the moment you slide into the superb (optional, albeit must-have) Recaro sport seats and strap in, you feel like a part of the car instead of just a human sitting inside it. The Alcantara suede-covered steering wheel feels solid and purposeful, like it's aching to get worked hard, lock to lock, as you know you'll do when performing a nasty burnout the second you fire the beast up. The "302" is for 302 cubic inches, of course, which is the displacement of Ford's venerable five-liter V-8. Unlike the Mustang GT's version of this mill, though, it's been massaged and polished with performance enhancements to generate a numerically harmonious 444 horsepower, along with 380 foot-pounds of Pirelli-melting torque.

The engine's auditory attributes include both a satisfying intake growl and a low, powerful exhaust rumble that is vocal, yet somehow understated to the point of perfection. The engine is matched to a short-throw, six-speed manual transmission, with a light clutch and lithe shifter that makes quick, smooth shifting easy, as long as you don't park your Big Gulp in the cup holder right behind the shifter (it gets messy).





The ergonomics of the driver's perch let you exploit the muscle to the fullest with a spot-on driving position, and the adjustable suspension is both stiffened and lowered to aid handling, yet still delivers a smooth, compliant ride. The icing on this cake starts with the electrically boosted steering, which is amazingly communicative, perfectly weighted, and (wonder of wonders) adjustable. The final garnish comes from massive Brembo brakes that stay strong and fade-free, even when you flog your pony mercilessly. There's a build quality here that will make you confident that this coupe can take what you dish out, and you'd have to be one sloppy jockey to get into trouble, for this Boss is very forgiving, even right up to the limit.

The solid feel of the chassis is complemented by the strong, quiet-man styling, which extends under the hood, where the engine is naked and nasty-nice to gaze at, thanks to some sharp detail work (and the absence of cheap plastic shrouds). The paintwork is similarly classy and well-executed, so it attracts attention subtly, without a lot of pretense. What isn't at all subtle is the way the Boss 302 can explode out of the starting gate and rocket around tight bends, especially on track days. A limited-edition Laguna Seca version tightens the knot even more, as it's designed to make an easy transition to a full-on race car. Imagine that: a Boss that gets your blood boiling, but in the best way imaginable. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	Five-liter V-8
Power	444 horsepower
Torque	380 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual
Front tires	255/40 R-19 Pirelli PZero Max
Rear tires	255/35 R-19 Pirelli PZero Max
Curb weight	3,632 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	5.36 seconds
Top speed	155 mph
Fuel capacity	16 gallons
EPA mpg	17 city/26 highway
Base price	\$41,105



HELP YOURSELF

Celebrate your selfish side this Valentine's Day with seven gadgets that put you first.

By Crispin Boyer



■ Tablet P

Sony • Price not available at press time

The last thing gadget hoarders need is yet another iPad competitor, so it's a good thing this one offers a design twist: a unique clamshell case. The 5.5-inch touch screens, which boast the same TruBlack tech used in Bravia televisions, can function as one larger display for web browsing and watching TV shows via Sony's Video Unlimited service, or they'll take on independent duties for certain apps. PlayStation games, for instance, will use the bottom screen as a controller. In the email app, one screen works as a preview panel. Rotate the Tablet P sideways to read eBooks just like old-timey paper novels. Connectivity is available via AT&T's 4G network, so begin your bellyaching if you live in an area with spotty coverage.

■ MV800 multiview digital camera

Samsung • \$280

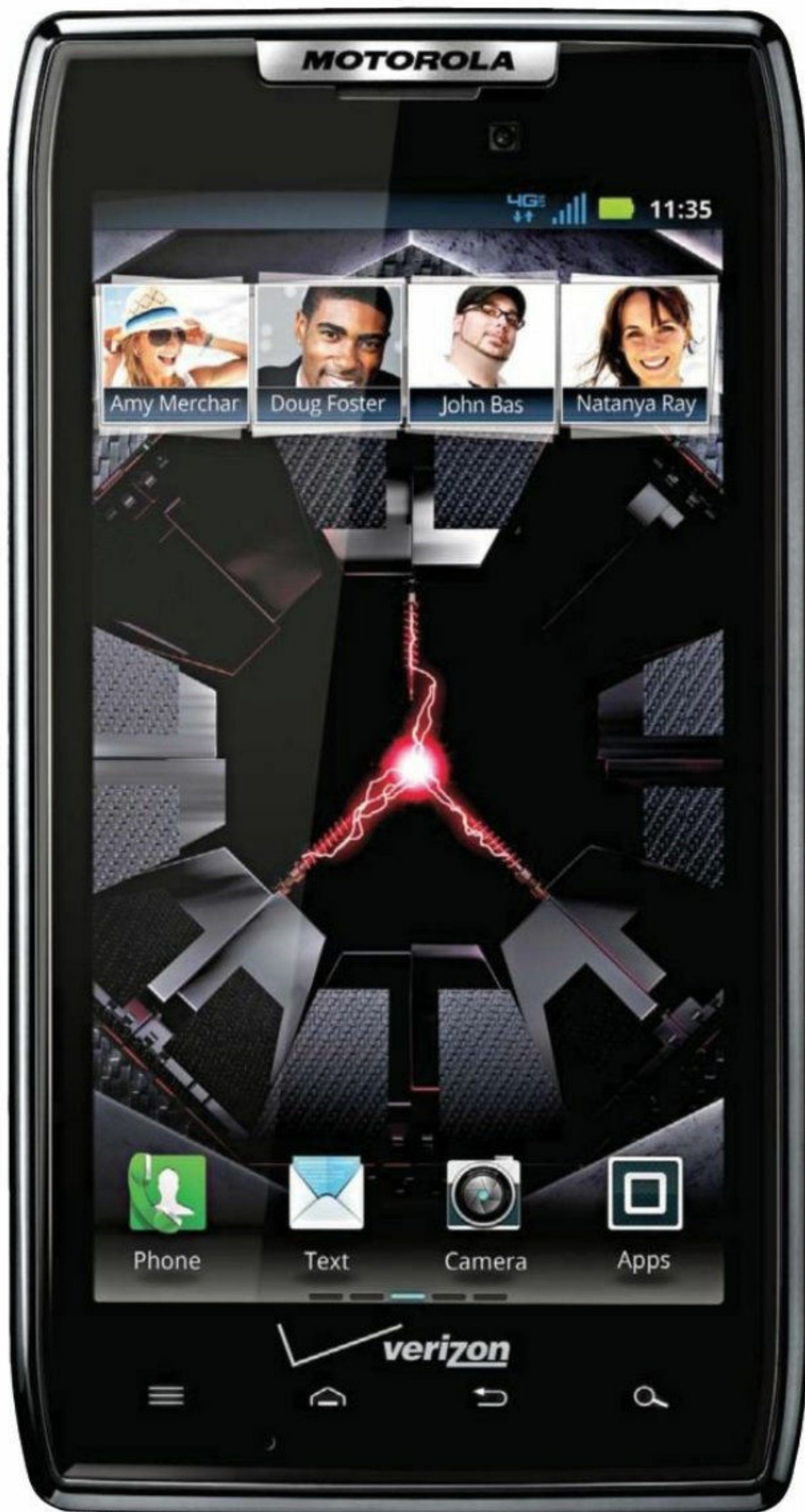
This is a camera for the Facebook generation, featuring a three-inch LCD that swivels fully forward, taking the guesswork out of snapping self-portraits. Flip the screen out halfway to take low-angle shots of kids and pets, or hold it high to shoot pics and video over the crowd at concerts and sporting events. The touch screen is large and responsive enough to make the most of a suite of pre- and post-photo tools and effects, including a panoramic mode, multiple filters, 3-D effects, plus cropping and touch-up tools. Optional posing guidelines even help you take a less douchey photo than all your Facebook chums.



■ Aquos LC-80LE632U 80-inch HDTV

Sharp • \$5,500

Certain responsibilities come with owning the world's largest 1080p LCD. Super Bowl Sunday will henceforth be celebrated at your pad. Neighbors will mooch off your evening viewing. And, of course, you'll need a cavernous media room to make the most of the monolithic display. At less than four inches thick, the Aquos is a slimmer alternative to rear-projection TVs—not to mention brighter. Its edge-to-edge LED backlighting system offers consistent color and vibrancy even in sunlit rooms. Considered a "budget" LCD despite its titanic size (and price), it lacks 3-D compatibility, but it does come with built-in Wi-Fi for access to Netflix and other streaming services.



■ Droid RAZR

Motorola • \$300 with a two-year Verizon contract

Yep, it's a high-tech (and just over a quarter-inch-thick) update to the best-selling Motorola clamshell that was such a status symbol back when "apps" was still short for cheese sticks and blooming onions. Video streamed from your PC, Netflix, or Verizon's NFL Mobile service plays in full HD resolution on the blur-free 4.3-inch screen, which is more vibrant than most full-size LCD HDTVs. The 1.2-gigahertz dual processor combines with Verizon's 4G network to deliver blazing web-browsing speeds, and you can use the phone as a mobile hot spot for up to eight Wi-Fi devices. And since it's wrought of Kevlar fibers and water-repellant Gorilla glass, it's as sturdy as it is sleek.



■ Brewsees sunglasses

HipVisions • \$40

These bona fide beer goggles come with bottle openers integrated into their stylish frames. The aluminum openers stick from the tips of polycarbonate arms sturdy enough to survive the stress of constant cap-prying. The pry tools tuck behind your ears during normal wear, hiding your cap-popping superpowers until they're needed most. With polarized lenses that offer 100 percent UV protection, they're perfect for beach barbecues, tailgate parties, or any other event with limited access to conventional bottle openers. Don a pair on Super Bowl Sunday, just in case.



■ Touch Control beard and stubble trimmer

Remington • \$50

In a world of smartphones, smart thermostats, and even smart pens, the concept of a "smart beard trimmer" might sound kind of ... stupid. But don't dismiss this touch-screen-controlled trimmer just because it smacks of gimmickry. The digital controls make it easy to select from 175 motorized length options, which means you'll leave the bathroom with surgically precise stubble. And the included USB charger for the 40-minute battery means this is the first trimmer you'll stow in your laptop bag instead of your dopp kit.



■ SA-NS500 HomeShare speaker

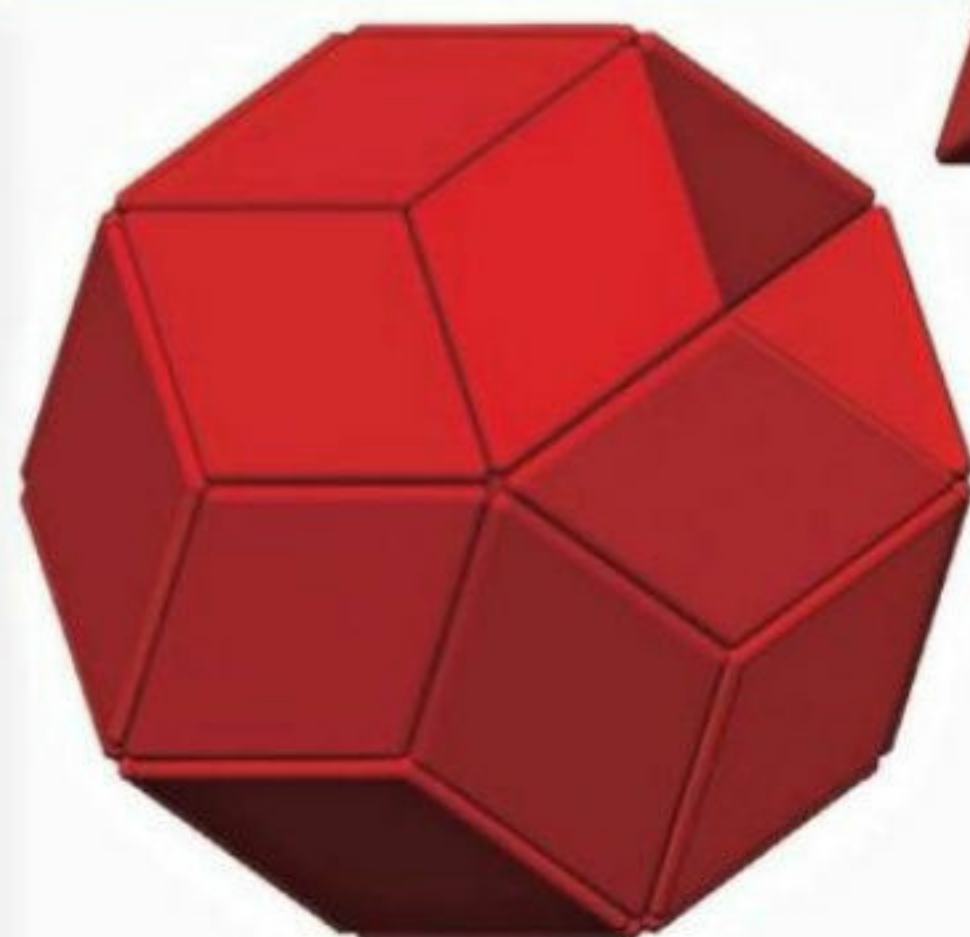
Sony • \$400

It's fit for double-duty as both a portable speaker and a permanent part of your home-audio system, as the Apple AirPlay-enabled SA-NS500 wirelessly streams tunes from your PC, Mac, iPhone, iPad, Sony tablet, or compatible Blu-ray system. Its vase-shaped omni-directional design fills the room with sound, and you can carry the speaker anywhere within range of your Wi-Fi network—even outside, thanks to its six-hour rechargeable battery. It comes with its own remote, but you can also control it with your iPhone, iPod Touch, or iPad by downloading an app. You can also supplement the sound with additional units synchronized throughout your house.

Play With Yourself

Celebrating Singles' Awareness Day this February 14 instead of Valentine's Day? Treat yourself to a new plaything without breaking the bank.

By Barbara Rice Thompson



■ Balls of Whacks

Creative Whack • \$35

Exercise your brain with this magnetic building toy. The pyramids can be stuck together in countless ways, including the 96 options in the included book, or combine them with the company's Y Ball and Star Ball toys for some truly wacky creations. We're partial to the red, but it also comes in blue or multicolor.



■ RageGage

RageGage • \$20

Do you know a man who's never wanted to smash his fist through the TV screen when his favorite football team falls to pieces while they're up by only a touchdown and there's five minutes left on the clock? Neither do we. And even if your team didn't make the playoffs, you still need to worry about the Super Bowl's point spread and over/under. But you can work off your anger by smacking the crap out of this meter, which complains when you hit it hard—and trash-talks you when you don't. It comes in a variety of designs, and you can download new voices and other content via a USB connection.

This portable bar is great for tailgating, a backyard barbecue, or a Madden 2012 game day.

■ Buddha Board

Buddha Board • \$33

This 12- by 9½-inch low-tech drawing slate lets you experience your own private moment of Zen via the art of painting with water. You use the bamboo brush to trace a design, which disappears when it dries. Don't tell anyone in our human-resources department, but around the *Penthouse* office, we use it to write dirty messages. Hey, you live in the moment your way, we'll live in the moment our way.



■ The Best of Times Bar

Best of Times Bar • \$399 plus shipping

Okay, this one will set you back a bit, but the steel-framed L-shaped portable bar is great for tailgating, a backyard barbecue, or a *Madden 2012* game day at your house. It includes plastic storage shelves and a hanging cooler, and the manufacturer assures us it assembles easily in less than ten minutes. You can even choose from a wide selection of themed wraps, from a tropical motif to your favorite NFL team. The included rolling travel bag makes transport a cinch. Barstools are available for \$25 each. —Deirdre Goldbeck

COGNAC

THE MISUNDERSTOOD SPIRIT

As an after-dinner digestif or the shining ingredient in a classic cocktail, Cognac can be both ethereal and complex, like a good lover.

By Paul Abercrombie • Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

The word Cognac tends to conjure one of two very different—and equally cartoonish—images. There's the WASPy guy in a smoking jacket, raising a snifter of amber liquid in toast. Then there's the young hip-hop mogul, celebrating a global hit song over drinks with a dozen of his closest semi-clad shorties. The reality is,

it's a good drink for most cocktail lovers, and a great post-dinner digestif.

Cognac is among the world's greatest drinks, both revered and typically misunderstood. Or, as Cyrille Gautier-Auriol, ambassador for famed Cognac house Hennessy reminded me on a recent distillery visit, "All Cognac is brandy, but not all brandy is Cognac."

Cognac is brandy produced in a postage-stamp-size region near the Atlantic coast of France. While all brandy is a distilled wine made from most any fruit—apples, grapes, pears—Cognac starts with wine made from grapes, typically *ugni blanc*, cousin to Italy's trebbiano fruit, that are grown in one of six areas, or *crus*: Grand and Petite Champagne, Borderies, Fins Bois, Bon Bois, and Bois Ordinaires. It's definitely not a drinking wine, as it's face-puckeringly acidic, yet it's ideal as a Cognac base.

Double distillation goes the alcohol level to about 70 percent, after which this eau-de-vie ("water of life") naps in barrels made only from nearby Limousin oaks. With every year spent slumbering in barrels, three to four percent of the hooch is

lost to evaporation. More poetically put, it becomes the "angel's share." Anywhere from a handful of years to decades later, these Cognacs are then carefully blended and bottled. In the right cellar master's hands and nose, the results can be ethereal and complex, racy and alive—like a good lover.

When approaching a glass of Cognac, a little foreplay goes a long way. First, use a Cognac glass (usually short-stemmed, with the mouth of the glass being slightly narrower than the bowl), or at least a small wine glass. Hold the glass by the foot. Sniff gently, from an inch or so away. Dip your nose in the glass. Swill it. Sniff again. Do you smell citrus? Leather? Swill again and sniff. Does it reveal flowers? Honey? Anise seeds?


Now taste. Let it cover your tongue and slide warmly down your throat.

Each Cognac house has its own style. I prefer those with a lot of eau-de-vie from the Borderies *cru*—like those made by Martell—because they tend to be more floral and fruity.

Another note: Don't get confused by the alphabet soup of Cognac classifications: VS, VSOP, XO. VS means "very special" and that the youngest brandy in the blend has been stored in a cask for at least two years. In VSOP, "very superior old pale," the youngest brandy has been stored for at least four years. In XO, "extra old," the youngest brandy is stored at least six, but on average more than 20 years.

The older the Cognac, the more complex the taste.

For drinking straight, I wouldn't go lower than VSOP. For cocktails, I wouldn't typically go higher than VSOP, since XO tends to be extra expensive, and its subtler charms will be masked in a cocktail. Hennessy, Rémy-Martin, Courvoisier, and Martell are great brands for drinking straight or mixing.

You might want to start your evening with a Cognac cocktail, and there are few as classic as the Sidecar. As with most good cocktails, this one has a nifty creation myth. Supposedly created in Paris during World War I, the drink was named for a customer who was driven to and from the hotel bar in a motorcycle sidecar. 

Sidecar

INGREDIENTS

1 1/2 ounces Cognac
3/4 ounce Cointreau
3/4 ounce fresh lemon juice

Combine all ingredients in a shaker, along with a generous number of ice cubes. Shake vigorously and strain into a chilled cocktail glass (the chillier, the better).

Note: This drink is sometimes served in a sugar-rimmed glass, for which you'll need some superfine sugar and a lemon wedge, to moisten the glass rim. Run the lemon wedge along the edge of the glass to wet the rim, then dip it into the sugar.



ray of light

They say good things come in small packages, and five-foot-two-inch Nicole Ray is a prime example. The petite porn starlet made a name for herself doing everything from girl-girl shoots to hard-core threesomes—and by showing off her delectable 34C tits, which are fan favorites.

Photographs by Alan Eigen





Nicole has performed with *Penthouse* favorites Veronica Ricci, Lexi Belle, April O'Neil, and Alexis Ford, but she really shines in her solo sets. Sometimes we just want to admire a body like hers without any distractions. After all, she's distracting enough.





It's impossible to look away once Nicole's clothes come off. From the tips of her perfectly polished toes to the hard points of her nipples, there's nothing about this beautiful blonde that we'd want to change. And when she's pleasuring herself, she looks even hotter.







Although she's more than happy to get it on alone, one of Nicole's favorite fantasies is a kinky gang bang. "Oh, the things I would have done to me if I had six sexy men and some rope!" she once said. Now there's a sight that would be worth seeing!





Nicole will gladly use a thick glass dildo to get the job done, but all she really needs are her nimble fingers. She knows exactly what it takes to make a woman scream, and she can bring herself to climax without any trouble. She can bring us to orgasm easily, too.

SEE MORE OF NICOLE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



SUPER SUNDAYS

Five NFL players who saved the best performance of their careers for the biggest game.

By Peter Schrager



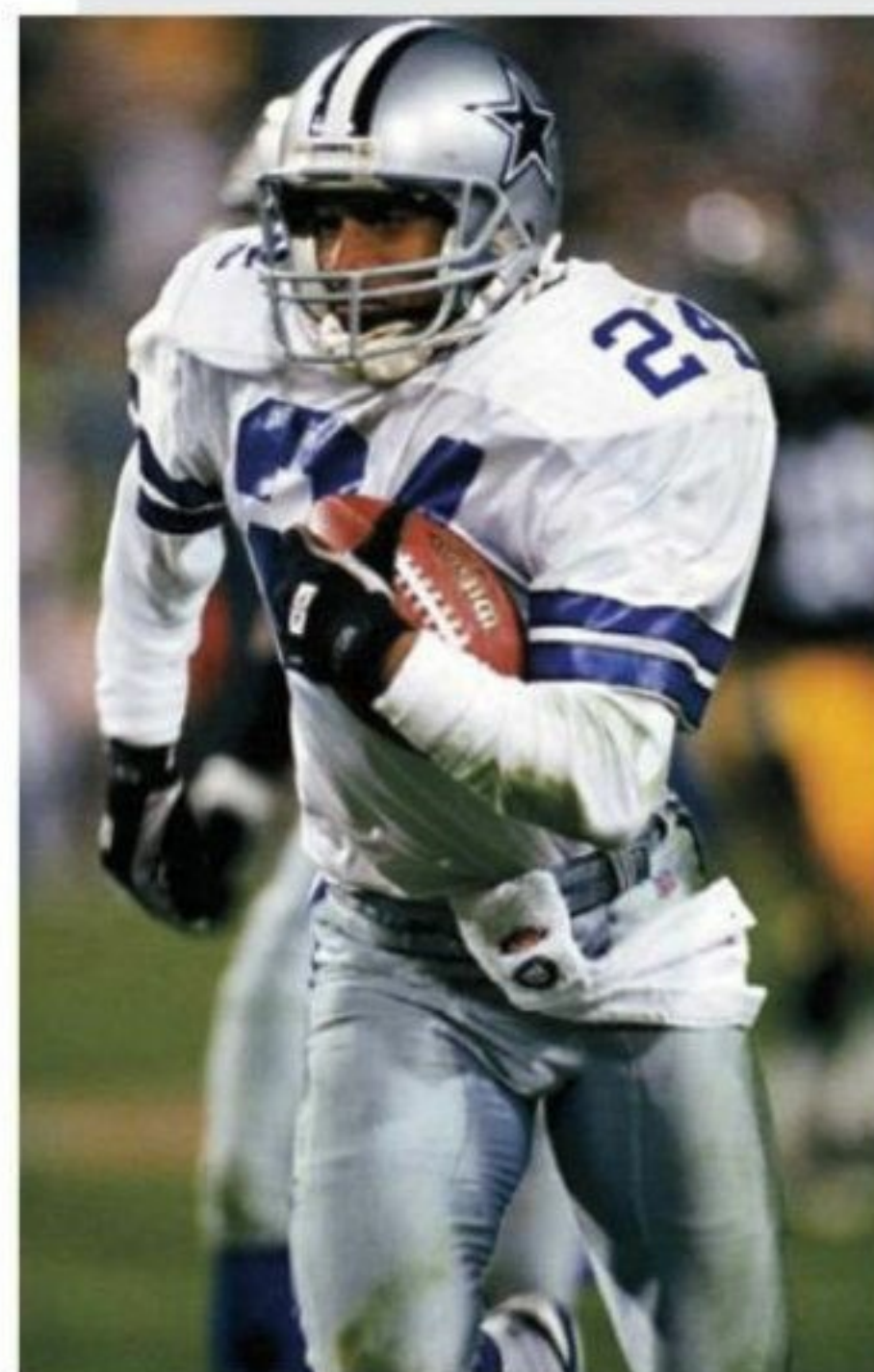
Some guys lay eggs in the Super Bowl. Others use the high-pressure conditions to create diamonds. Here are five players who enjoyed the best performances—hell, the best days—of their lives in the Super Bowl.

■ **TIMMY SMITH, WASHINGTON REDSKINS, SUPER BOWL XXII:**

Smith played only three seasons in the pros, but his Super Bowl performance goes down as one of the greatest individual efforts—and one-hit wonders—of all time. Smith ran for 204 yards and two touchdowns in the Skins' 42-10 win over Denver, following his rookie season of 1987. It was downhill from there, as injuries forced him out of the game in 1990, and he was arrested for allegedly trying to sell cocaine to an undercover police officer in 2005.

■ **MAX MCGEE, GREEN BAY PACKERS, SUPER BOWL I:**

McGee played in the NFL from 1954 to '67, but it wasn't until the twilight of his career that he made his mark in football lore. After a 1966 season in which he'd caught just four passes for 91 yards, McGee didn't expect to play much in Super Bowl I against the Kansas City Chiefs, so he treated himself to a night on the town on Saturday. The next morning, he told Green Bay's starting receiver, Boyd Dowler, "I hope you don't get hurt. I'm not in very good shape," referring to his raging hangover. Naturally, Dowler suffered a separated shoulder in the first quarter, and McGee was thrust right into the lineup. He caught seven passes for 138 yards and scored two touchdowns, including the first TD in Super Bowl history, as the Pack won 35-10.



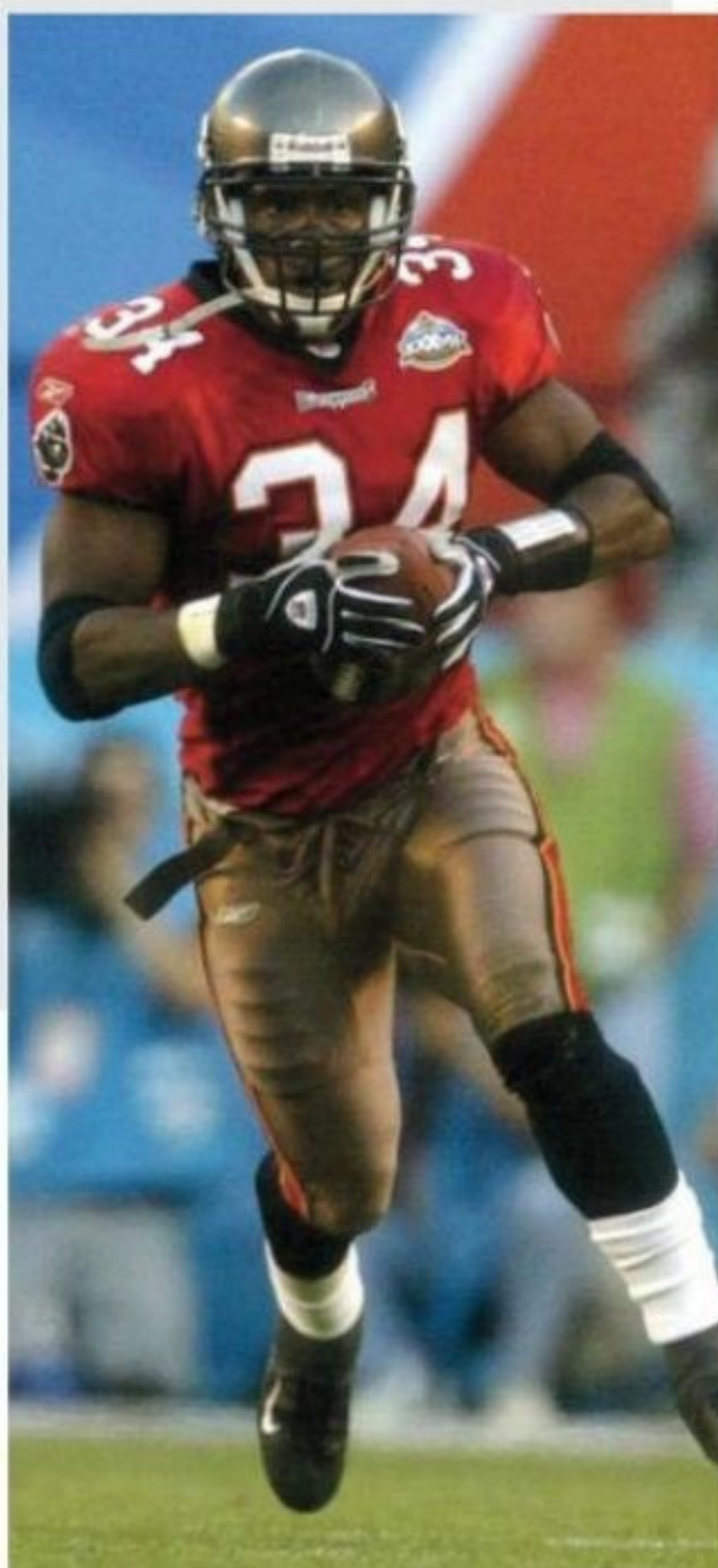
■ **LARRY BROWN, DALLAS COWBOYS, SUPER BOWL XXX:**

Larry Brown may very well thank Neil O'Donnell every night before he goes to sleep. If he doesn't, he should. Pittsburgh quarterback O'Donnell threw two passes directly to cornerback Brown during the Cowboys' 27-17 victory in Super Bowl XXX, leading to a Super Bowl MVP award and a giant free-agent contract from the Raiders the next off-season. Thank you, Mr. O'Donnell.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NFL/GETTY IMAGES

■ **DEXTER JACKSON, TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS, SUPER BOWL XXXVII:**

On a defense that included big names Warren Sapp, Derrick Brooks, John Lynch, Simeon Rice, and Ronde Barber, it was Jackson who took home the Super Bowl MVP award in the Bucs' 48-21 victory over the Oakland Raiders in 2003. Jackson's two interceptions made him the first safety since Jake Scott in 1973 to win the coveted award.



■ **DAVID TYREE, NEW YORK GIANTS, SUPER BOWL XLII:**

NFL Films president Steve Sabol has called Tyree's miraculous fourth-quarter helmet grab in Super Bowl XLII the greatest play ever made in a Super Bowl. Tyree's catch—in which he trapped the ball against his helmet with a defender draped all over him—extended an eventual game-winning drive, catapulting the Giants to a 17-14 win over the previously unbeaten Patriots. Tyree would never catch another pass in the NFL. He suffered a knee injury in training camp the following year, and was eventually cut by New York. He latched on briefly with Baltimore before announcing his retirement in 2010.



HALFTIME S***SHOW

Madonna? Really, NFL?!

Madonna is 53 years old. She hasn't had a memorable song since ... well, we'll just take it on faith that she has had a memorable song. She has no connection to the city of Indianapolis, and she has nothing to do with sports, let alone American football. You couldn't make a Venn diagram consisting of the NFL's core audience and Madonna's—there's no overlap!

Yet somehow, the powers-that-be have decided that the aging, occasionally British-accented former pop star will perform at halftime of the Super Bowl this year. It's enough to make you pine for the Black Eyed Peas.

But we're not here just to complain. We've got solutions. Here are five much better alternatives:



1. Jay-Z and Kanye West: Whatever you think of their collaboration *Watch the Throne* (we liked about half of it), it's hard to argue that these two wouldn't make the halftime show a must-see event, and bring even more hype to the Super Bowl—if that's even possible.



2. Daft Punk: If there's one thing we know about NFL fans, it's that they love French musicians who dress up in robot outfits and dance to techno. Actually, they do—whether they know it or not. Daft Punk is responsible for many of the popular “pump up” anthems heard at stadiums on Sundays. They also put on a ridiculous live show. We'd watch their halftime show in a heartbeat.



3. Lady Gaga: Perhaps the Madonna selection is geared toward the so-called football widows in the Super Bowl viewership. If that's the case, why not go with the Madonna of this decade, Lady Gaga? She has some catchy tunes, she puts on a great—albeit bizarre—live show, and she'd bring her A-game. Oh, and she's relevant.



4. The Chris Berman Roast: Who wouldn't love to see this? Bring out all the Comedy Central roastmasters—Jeffrey Ross, Norm Macdonald, Anthony Jeselnik—and have them destroy Berman for 20 minutes in front of an international audience.



5. The NFL's Fastest Man: Who is the game's fastest player? Line up all the speedsters—Devin Hester, Mike Wallace, Chris Johnson (above), Randall Cobb, Darren Sproles—and have a 100-meter race. Low cost, high hype, and vastly entertaining. Plus, you'd be awarding some serious bragging rights—and could easily do a worthwhile charity tie-in.

Cheeky Bastards

*Hundreds of contestants descend on Pennsylvania's Amish Country to fight for facial-hair dominance in one of the nation's top beard competitions.
By Kristin Coronado*

I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen. Cocaine's a hell of a drug." Emcee Jack Passion offers up these words of consolation on a sunny October afternoon in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It's 4:20 P.M. and an Afro-bearded Neanderthal of a man has rushed the stage without warning, wearing a red jumpsuit that resembles both an Oriental rug and a terry-cloth robe. The roustabout is undulating his bear-size body and shouting unintelligible inanities.

An amused audience member in the stadium's second-floor skybox says, "Man, that guy is totally tripping balls. Awesome."

Passion (yes, it's a stage name) is not as thrilled. It's the 27-year-old's responsibility as emcee to keep the day's festivities moving. As a police officer makes his way to the stage, Passion admits, "You never know what you're going to see at a beard

competition. I'm pretty down with anything. But if you grab my beard when you try to grab the mike ..." He shakes his head, swaying the 24 inches of auburn locks beneath his chin.

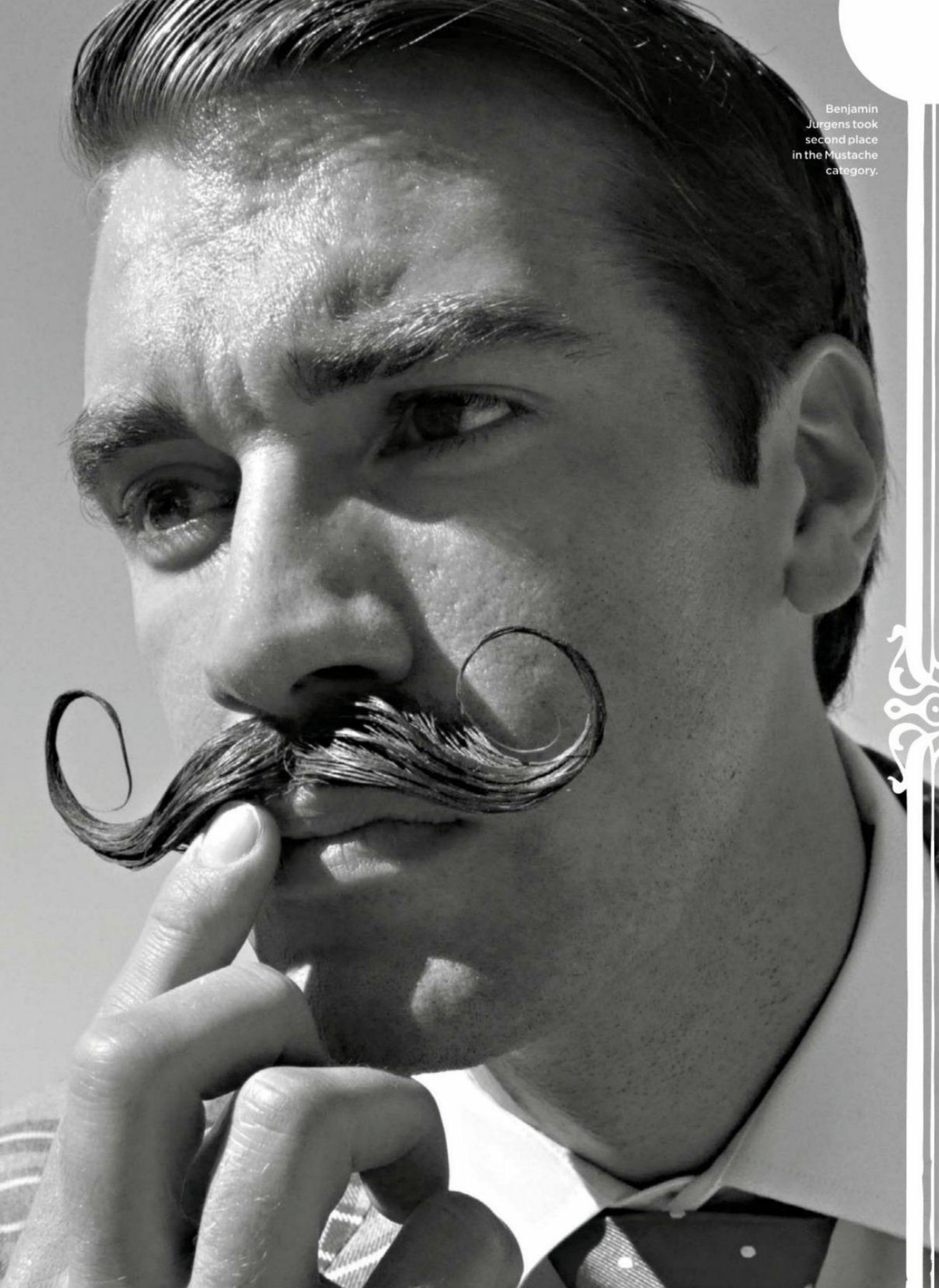
The crowd moans in mock horror.

A few minutes later, the behemoth is led away by the officer. "I'm so sorry about that," says Passion. "Shall we continue with the beard competition?"

That's right—beard competition. It's October 8, 2011, and the city often known for its own bearded Amish fellas has been invaded by hordes of mutton-chopped and mustachioed out-of-towners for the 2011 National Beard and Mustache Championships. Competitors hailing from 35 states—as well as Germany, Canada, and New Zealand—are jockeying for facial-hair dominance and cash prizes in five divisions: Mustache, Partial Beard, Full Beard Groomed, Full Beard Natural, and Freestyle.

Following a press conference at the Marriott that

Benjamin
Jurgens took
second place
in the Mustache
category.



introduced the day's judges—former Pittsburgh Steeler Justin Hartwig, Miss Pennsylvania Juliann Sheldon, United States National Rugby Team member Phil Thiel, Dutchland Derby Roller Jen Bricker, and World Beard and Mustache Freestyle champion Willi Chevalier—organizer Phil Olsen is walking behind a giant banner promoting the upcoming throw down. The brown-bearded 62-year-old, who's wearing calfskin lederhosen with a button-down coat, is surrounded by a parade of men with pointy mustaches and sideburns that poof out proudly. To his right, 38-year-old Keith "Gandhi Jones" Haubrich of Seattle is bugging out his eyes and pursing his lips in hopes of shocking passers-by with the whale shape he's created on his upper lip. The 30-minute walk—during which someone yells, "Grow a beard or you hate America!"—ends at Clipper Magazine Stadium. Normally home to the minor-league Lancaster Barnstormers, the stadium will temporarily house a quite different event.

"I've been very dedicated to making it bigger, better, more inclusive," Olsen explains. After stumbling upon the World Beard and Mustache Championships while vacationing in Ystad, Sweden, in 1999, the Lake Tahoe, California, resident was determined to bring beard competitions to his own country. He founded Beard Team USA and began organizing contests in 2003, helping to establish local chapters whenever he could (there are more than 50 today). Over the past few years, beard competitions have garnered a lot more attention, he says, with coverage ranging from *Sports Illustrated* to *The Times of India*. Olsen and Passion are among the personalities in the Independent Film Channel's summer reality series *Whisker Wars*.

"Everybody who is interested should be welcomed," Olsen continues. "There are others who don't share my vision. There's a lot of fighting, which I think is completely unnecessary. Some people think an event like this should not be held in a stadium because they feel it should be a smaller, more intimate—exclusive—event for themselves. I have been firmly committed from the beginning in trying to maximize participation in all ways."

It seems he's succeeded. There are more than 200 competitors and some 2,000 attendees streaming into the stadium. Ask any bearded guy how he found out about the contest, and he'll most likely answer like Anthony J. Francolino of Erial, New Jersey. "I was looking online for ways to show my beard off, and I found Beard Team USA," says the 34-year-old president of the Tri-State Beard and Mustache Club. "I contacted Phil and said, 'What do I gotta do to get on the team?' And he's like, 'Would you like to open up a local chapter?'"

It's 1:15 P.M. when Passion—himself a two-time Beard Full Natural world champion—takes to the stage to get things rolling. The Mustache category is up first, with 33 contenders. Contestants line up in groups of 10 to 12, and the top three selected by the judges advance to the finals. Passion quickly runs through what qualifies as a mustache, and it soon becomes clear that while this event is whimsical, it's still somewhat serious.

An excerpt from the judging criteria: "The mustache is the hair that grows on the upper lip, but can



Emcee Jack Passion



Beard Team USA founder Phil Olsen

also include hairs growing from elsewhere on the face that are a natural extension of the shape of the mustache. Therefore Fu Manchus, walruses, and horseshoe styles are all considered mustaches."

Once he's finished reading the rules, Passion gestures to the men behind him. "Ladies and gentlemen, our first competitor, Patrick Gorman."

A guy in jeans, a white button-down shirt, and a bow tie strolls to the front of the stage and smiles at the judges. He could be just about anybody's uncle, dad, or coworker, save for one distinguishing feature: his bushy, dirty-blond mustache that proudly curls up at its ends. Minutes later, baby-faced Jacksonville, Florida, resident Sam Holcombe draws gasps from the audience when he tugs on the wiry curls above his lip to unwind them into long strands, five inches from each side of his face.

As the whiskered pageantry continues, the second-floor skybox is teeming with contestants milling around and catching up. Many of the men know one another from previous beard events; some grumble that there's only one free keg of beer. Those aren't the only ill words, however. Hang around long enough and you'll learn of a little controversy beneath some friendly looking furry facades.

Just sit next to the boys of the Austin Facial Hair Club, also featured in *Whisker Wars*. Unlike most of the participants here, this independent club of 20-plus members is not part of Beard Team USA. "We don't want to be associated with the way Phil runs stuff," says 34-year-old Partial Beard competitor



Toot Joslin



Keith "Gandhi Jones" Haubrich's whale beard



Jonathan Rice

As for Passion, he doesn't deny the exchange, but defends it. "They talk trash about Beard Team USA and then show up at the events, you know? I legitimately asked, 'Why are you here? If you don't want to be part of this, why do you continue to be part of it?' It's a legitimate question."

Despite this, the angst roiling beneath the surface is hard to detect unless you actively look for it. (Although watching Passion ask Nelson what it's like to place second in Full Beard Natural makes for good people-watching.)

By eight o'clock, winners have been announced, and all misgivings seem to have been laid aside in favor of a jubilant celebration of beard-dom. Olsen

"I'm here to have fun and show off my beard. I've put a lot of care and hard work into it. If I can find people who appreciate it, that's awesome."

(and 2011 finalist) Mike Schrader. "He is for-profit.... I'm not strictly for charity, but our T-shirts and stuff get more club members to go to stuff like this."


So why come?

"We don't want to be the kids acting like 'I'm taking my ball and going over here,'" he explains. "We'll compete in stuff like this. We just want there to be transparency behind it. He's making money. Take my \$40. When you register for this contest, you get an email receipt that says, '\$40 paid to the order of Phil Olsen.' It's kind of ridiculous."

The tension between the two groups is palpable at times. On seeing AFHC president Bryan Nelson, Passion confronts him, asking why he's come. Afterward, Nelson, a 39-year-old with a full red beard, says, "Phil started what I thought was a fake rivalry a couple of years ago, before the world championships in Alaska. He called me up and said, 'Hey, we're trying to get some press. It would help if you and Jack were like rivals. We'll play it up that the Texas team is gonna come.' I said, 'Okay, as long as Jack's cool with it.' I kind of get the impression that Jack never knew it was fake."

reveals to triumphant cheers that the next nationals will take place in Las Vegas on November 11, 2012.

Patrick Gorman takes home the Mustache title; Toot Joslin of Tahoe City, California, wins Partial Beard; John Myatt of Los Angeles has Full Beard Groomed; and John Burgess of Martinsburg, West Virginia, wins Full Beard Natural. As for the freestyle competition, this is the category in which creative ingenuity reigns supreme. Twenty-nine-year-old Jonathan Rice of Plantation, Florida, was up against Haubrich's waxy-whale mustache, and guys like Brian Quein, aka the "Electric Starfish," who styled his beard into four points and embedded an electric zapper in the bristles beneath his chin. Yet Rice's loops—which he says took hours to create using two-liter soda bottles and hair spray—landed him the national Freestyle title. Each first-place winner gets \$600 in prize money, a plaque, and swag from sponsors Panasonic, Bluebeard, and VitaBeard.

"I'm honestly here to have fun and show off my beard," Rice says. "I've put a lot of care and hard work into it. If I can find people who appreciate it, that's awesome." 



get a heart on

Forget chocolate and flowers. The best thing about Valentine's Day is giving a sexy new outfit to your lady. Don't have a girlfriend this year? You'll enjoy this sampling of goods from PenthouseStore.com even more.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi



From left to right: Pet of the Year Jenna Rose in a pink-and-black G-string, which comes with a matching underwire bra with lace overlay (\$25), from Allure Lingerie; Raven heel ties (\$19) from Tyes by Tara. Chanel Preston's assets take center stage in a caged-back panty with lace overlay (\$13) from Oh La La Cheri's Tres Sexy line; Laroux heel ties (\$25) from Tyes by Tara. Tasha Reign in a ruffled baby doll with G-string (\$30) from Oh La La Cheri's Tres Sexy line.



Top left: Jenna in the Ava corset with G-string and detachable garters (\$58) from Allure Lingerie. Bottom left: Tasha in the Michele under-bust corset (\$58) from Allure Lingerie. Above: Brett Rossi in the Ginger baby doll and G-string (\$30) from Allure Lingerie, Final Say ring tie (\$17) from Tyes by Tara; Jenna in a baby doll with garters and matching G-string (\$35) from Oh La La Cheri's Tres Sexy line. Right: Jenna in a lace baby doll with matching G-string (\$25) from Oh La La Cheri's Tres Sexy line. Opposite page: Brett in a vinyl-and-fishnet baby doll with matching G-string (\$26) from Allure Lingerie.









Opposite page: Brett in a shelf-cup baby doll and matching G-string (\$30) from Oh La La Cheri's Tres Sexy line (with model's black bra). Left: Tasha and Brett in crotchless thongs (\$5) and Jenna in a crotchless lace thong (\$7), all from Oh La La Cheri's Tres Sexy line. Below: Tasha in the open-front strappy lace baby doll with mesh back (\$27) from Oh La La Cheri's Tres Sexy line. Top right: Chanel in lace bra and crotchless boyshort (\$30 for the set, which includes a matching hand tie) from Oh La La Cheri's Tres Sexy line. Bottom right: Jenna in embroidered strappy bra and thong (\$16) from Oh La La Cheri's Tres Sexy line.



The Unrepentant Whore

Should a sex worker who has left the life behind be penalized years later for her experiences? One New York woman made the bold choice not to conceal her questionable past, and suffered dire consequences.

By Melissa Petro • Photograph by Alexander Colby

Last night I had another dream about my old job. In dreams, untethered to rational thought, I can't help but feel ashamed for the distraction that I've been told I caused, as well as for all its fallout, which, in my dreams, feels immeasurable. In the dream, I was apologizing to my former principal. She was the woman who hired me, who also—in the wake of negative press—faced scrutiny and investigation. In the light of day, she is the only person to whom I sincerely owe an apology—the only person my actions may have truly hurt, besides myself.

It was September 27, 2010—the day I found myself in the center of scandal; the day I was removed from my job as a New York City public schoolteacher. The charges, “Conduct Unbecoming a Professional,” stemmed from an op-ed I had written for *The Huffington Post*. The article criticized the censoring of Craigslist's Erotic Services section and defended an individual's choice to sell sex, of which—prior to teaching—I'd had a history. Because the article had been published weeks

prior to my removal, timing suggested it was not my work that had sparked the controversy, but, rather, a front-and-center headline in the *New York Post*: “Bronx teacher admits: I'm an ex-hooker.”

At the mere suggestion of a “Hooker Teacher,” a news cycle had ignited. As if it were happening to someone else, I watched the media react. “Ex-sex worker ... exposed exploits on HuffPo the same day she got tenure,” read the headlines. “Sympathetic Administrators Gave Prostitute Teacher Tenure.” Questions arose: Had the timing been purposeful and malicious? How much had administrators at the school known of my history? Had they or I broken any laws? Mayor Bloomberg spoke out against me at a press conference, telling the media that it was he who'd personally called for my removal from the classroom and that he was, from then on, pursuing “legal rights.” The implication was that I had done something wrong—but what?

To a woman with a past as checkered as mine, the experience of being shamed was nothing new. Whether it be for money or simply for attention, women who make themselves sexually available are, in a word, *whores*. Sex workers, in particular, are made to feel ashamed. We are looked down upon and pitied, or else—as in the case of the “Hooker Teacher”—we are villainized. Dirty, cheap, and willing to do anything, or else desperate, naive, and coerced—too stupid to realize our own victimization. I had long resented media stereotypes such as these, particularly when they came from other women. With ten years' experience on and off in the

industry, I knew firsthand the damage those stereotypes caused.

When I first started stripping, I intuitively knew to keep it a secret. I was 19 years old, a college sophomore living as a student abroad in—of all places—Mexico. Almost out of cash and having maxed out my credit card, I made the decision to dance nude. It was strip or go home, back to the claustrophobic suburbs on the East-side of Cleveland that I had worked so hard to escape. I didn't want to go home—and besides, sex work was fun and easy. My new job was as exciting as it was lucrative. Though hesitant to admit it, I enjoyed the work.

I stripped on and off throughout college, while keeping my profession to myself. But that, to my dismay, meant lying—to friends, to family, to people I'd just met. I lied to my mother and my boyfriend at the time—the two people who loved me most and who supposedly knew me better than anyone else. I sometimes wondered if they knew me at all. I sometimes wondered how well I knew myself. For as long as I was working, I suffered from the constant feeling that something I was doing was wrong—but what, exactly, was never clear.

At 27, after a five-year hiatus, I returned to the industry, this time as a call girl on Craigslist. This decision, for me, proved quickly to be a mistake. In my brief stint as a call girl, I was never physically harmed. In the four months that I hooked, I never so much as felt unsafe. For me, the risks of prostitution proved a lot more subtle than the threat posed by traffickers, pimps, serial killers, or the very small chance of getting AIDS. I experienced no negative consequences other than the returned experience of living with the knowledge that what I was doing was, in most people's eyes, wrong, as well as waiting for the figurative other shoe to drop—not knowing the risks, real from imagined, and wondering, vigilantly, if maybe somehow I wouldn't in some way be “punished” for my moral crime. Just feeling this way was a consequence far worse than so many others I imagined—a punishment in and of itself, and one that, today, I realize I didn't deserve.

More than four years have passed since the last time I sold sex, but the stigma of being a sex worker is still not easily shaken. Even before the scandal drew my history to light, in my daily life, my coming clean—or not—has always been an issue. When you tell people you used to do adult




work, you get one of three reactions. Some people, most rarely, will admit to some equally illicit past of their own. More often, people try—and fail, miserably—not to react at all. Or women bristle; men are titillated. When my mother found out I was stripping, she was—in her words—“humiliated.” We spoke of it once, and then, to this day, never again.

It was only by writing and speaking about my past that I learned to accept myself and the choices I’d made, including my choice to strip and sell sex. I chose to do it, and I chose to stop. I have no regrets. Tell that to the media, who last September dubbed me the “Hooker Teacher.” As it so often happens to politicians, public figures, or “normal” people whose behaviors somehow catch the attention of a media mob, years after I had made peace with my own experience, I became the target of scrutiny, sudden and intense. But in my case, as in the case of so many others, the media hadn’t just reported the story; they’d *created* it. The coverage was the distraction, which became the story and, ultimately—ironically—the

Lying to the people I loved, I had reason to feel guilty; working in the sex industry, I did not.

only just rationalization for having me removed from my job in the first place.

After a thorough investigation, the Department of Education could find no reason to claim I was not fit to teach—no reason to remove me from my job, other than the frenzy the investigation itself had caused. In the end, even I was compelled to agree. The distraction the situation had created increasingly threatened my former students and colleagues. With gossip columnists hounding my friends and family for comment, I felt increasingly threatened myself. The only way to make it stop was to obey the message I heard, loud and clear: Apologize. Step down. Shut up.

I may have stepped down as a teacher, but I have never apologized, I will not shut up, and I will not live in shame. Guilt and shame, I learned long ago, are not useful as a way of life. Guilt, I understand today, is an indicator that one has violated one’s own moral code. Lying to the people I loved, I had reason to feel guilty; working in the sex industry, I did not. 





breast intentions

Blonde and beautiful Brett Rossi, an erotic model and film star, may have dropped out of nursing school, but we're inspired by the way she still ministers to the masses, using her sexy style to bring relief to lust-filled men and women. Now, as our Pet of the Month, she'll have readers all over the world rising to the occasion.

Photographs by
Preston Geoffrey Parker

Gold Key necklace from
Penthouse Jewelry, available at
PenthouseStore.com.



"I'm more comfortable nude than clothed, so I don't need to get psyched up for a photo shoot. But I do like to get myself in the mood by thinking about seducing a lover. If you think about having sex, looking sexy comes naturally."







“The most remarkable sexual experience I’ve ever had was when I came from penetration alone. It’s only happened once, and I’ll never forget it.”





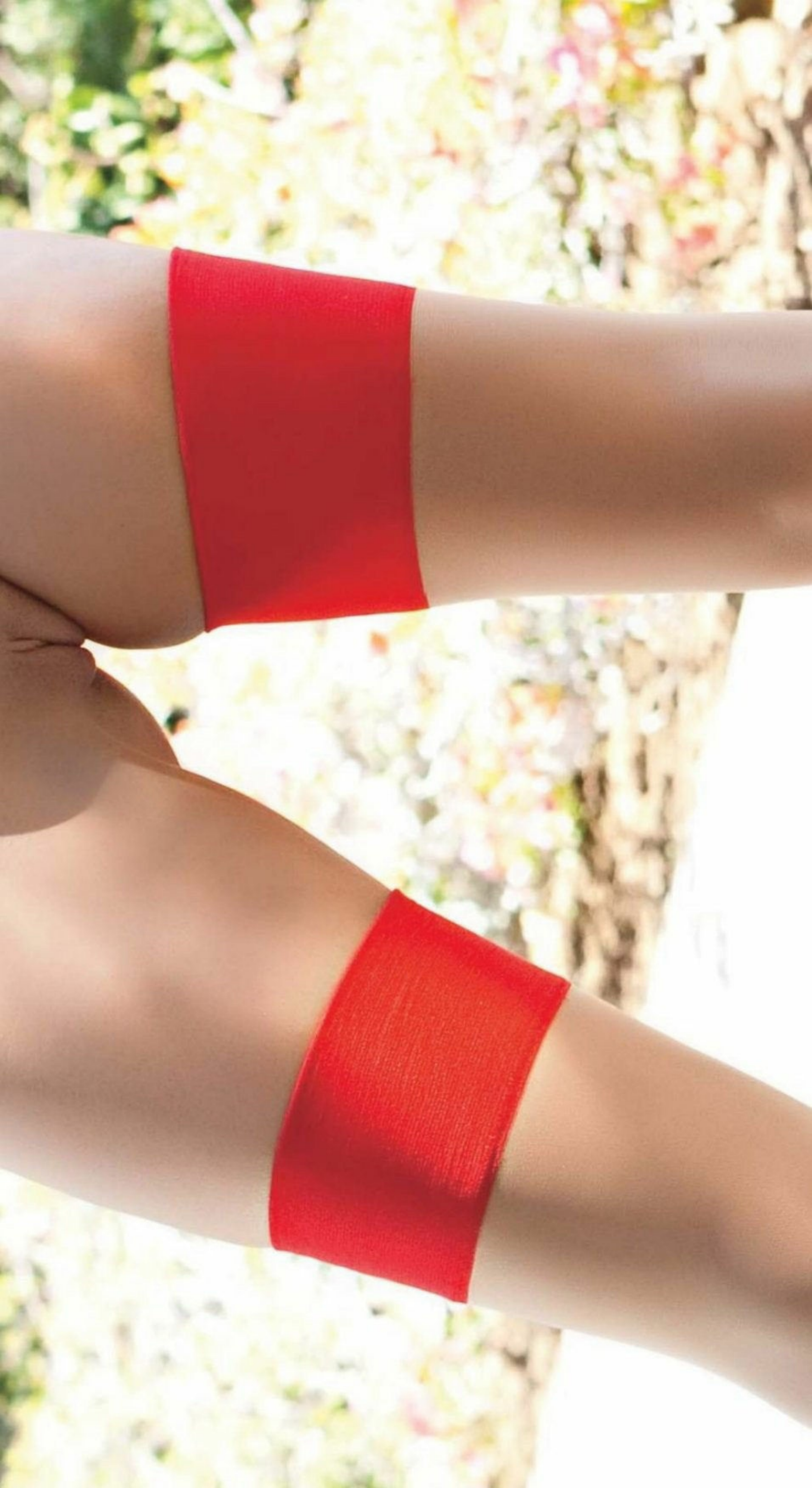
"I'm pretty content with my life, but I'm happiest when I'm relaxed and doing something—or someone!—I love."

♂ BRETT ROSSI
FEBRUARY 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP







"The biggest turn-ons for me are foreplay, being with someone I can trust, and someone who isn't scared to be himself."





아 BRETT ROSSI
FEBRUARY 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Vital stats:

32D-26-34; 5'8"

22 years old

Hometown:

La Verne, California.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

The fact that every street, store, and park has a special memory that goes with it.

Favorite drinks:

Red Bull and coffee.

Favorite food:

Sushi.

Favorite music:

Any and all, except country.

Favorite sports to play:

Softball and water polo.

Favorite sports to watch:

Baseball and hockey.

Favorite workout:

Running.

You're always up for:

An adventure.

You're never up for:

Dealing with assholes.

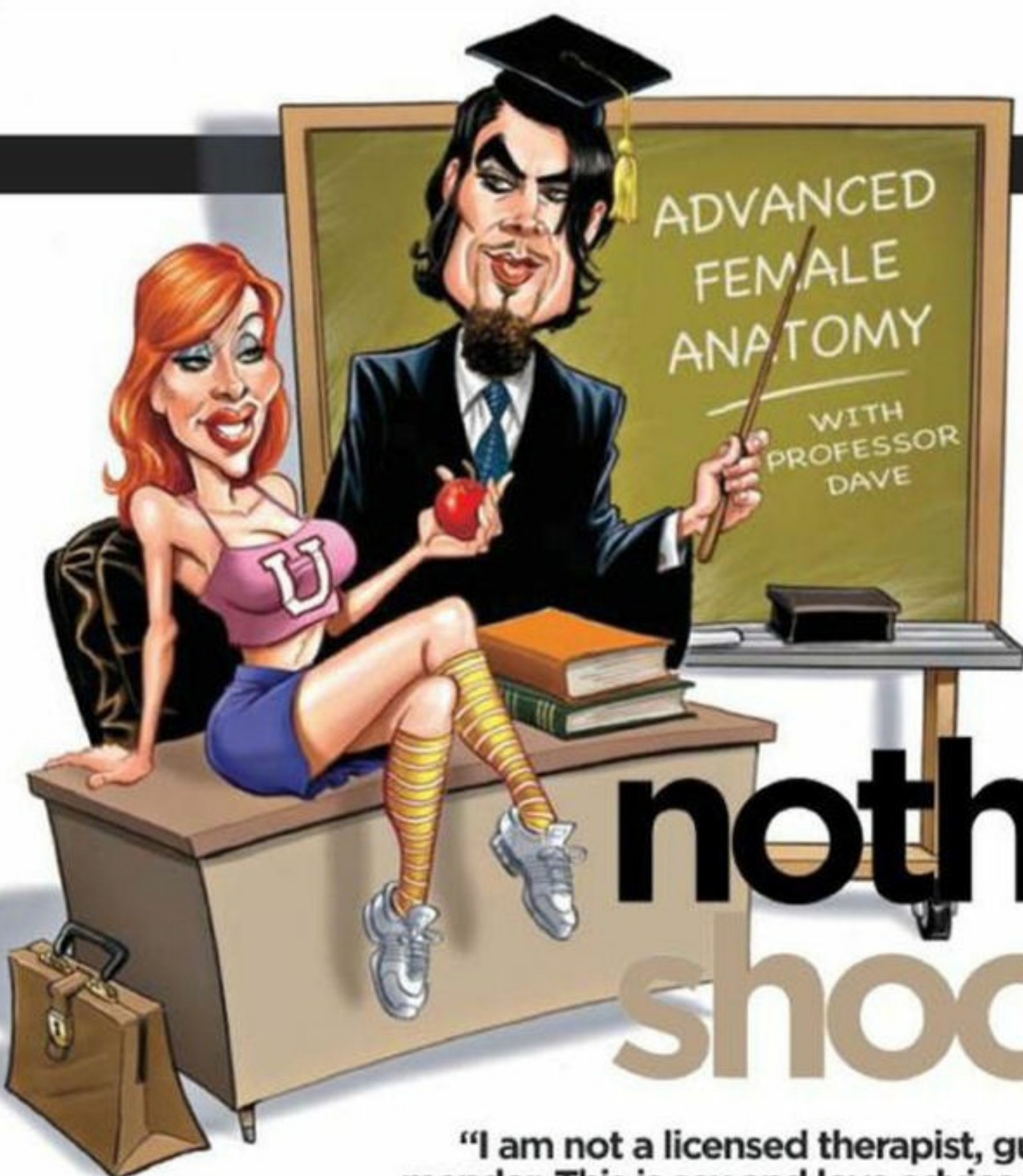
If you could have sex with anyone, you would pick:

Abe Lincoln, just to say I did.

Were you a wild teenager?

I was a good girl who liked to experiment.

SEE MORE OF BRETT AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ **What's with men over 30 needing validation of their sex appeal by chasing women who are barely 21?**

God, I have no idea. Let me do some field research on this and I will report back in with an update.

■ **How can you stop a man or woman who is clingy and smothering in a relationship?**

My inclination is to get out of the relationship ASAP. I don't want anyone trying to change who I am at the core, and I certainly don't want the responsibility of trying to change who someone else is. The fact is that we ultimately can't anyway. Sure, people can get it together and "behave" for a while, but more often than not, they eventually find themselves back where they started, like water seeking its own level. Believing you can change someone else's insecurities and character defects is a one-way ticket to disaster, a breeding ground of resentment and ultimately pain and dysfunction.

There are some people who enjoy

smothering their partners. Their issues deem them perfect candidates for needing what appears to be constant validation, no matter how damaged the source. But my advice to you is, in short, if you can deal, hang in there. If you can't, bounce. Change them? Not gonna happen.


■ **I recently have been asking men about their reaction to their female partners' monthly event. I'd really like to hear your view.**

Hey, at least your mouths don't bleed! Seriously, I personally have no issue with it. There are all kinds of fluids and things going on in the vagina at all times. For the most part, men just can't see it. So, at the end of the day, if I have to see a little blood once in a while, it really isn't that big a deal. For those who freak out about it, might I suggest black towels, condoms, and low lighting? There is always a solution.

■ **Post-field-research answer to the first question:**

After some extensive investigation, I have come up with the following informed conclusion: The reason men chase after younger women is because young women are generally really fucking hot. I know that is funny and appears to be shallow, but hear me out: Many women love to throw labels at men, saying we're looking for youth and hotness rather than substance and intellect. I disagree entirely. But no one can deny that we are a visually inspired society. We wear the clothes that we think look good. We drive cars we think look good. We watch films and TV for entertainment. We go to museums for visual stimulation. We go to the gym to take care of our bodies so we look good. Why is it then shallow to seek a partner who is visually attractive to us? If we spend our intimate moments with someone, wouldn't that be more important and have more impact on our lives than an art show? I think so. Yes, men want attractive partners. We generally seek someone who has a visual impact on us, then investigate further, hoping to find the substance and intellect that will keep us interested. Forgive us for not sleeping with the interesting older woman we met in the checkout line at Ralph's. We seek the whole package. *Just like women do.*

■ **Why is it that when a man has a perfectly healthy, pleasure-filled, fantastic sex life with one woman, he feels the need to seek out other women for sex?**

I knew the day would come when somebody would ask me this. I'm definitely not going to make any friends here, but I will answer your question. Keep in mind, this answer doesn't apply to *all* men, just *most*. (I'm sure your man is a loyal and dedicated guy who would never dream of even thinking about anyone else. That also goes for any other women reading this.) The reason a man seeks sex from other women is because no matter how in love he is, no matter how hot his girl is, no matter how great his sex life is, nothing compares to *new*. Think of this old joke: Two guys are at a bar, where a hot waitress takes their order. One guy says, "Damn, she has everything I look for in a woman." His friend asks, "What's that?" "She's not my wife." It's funny because it's true. 

DANGER SIGNS

Call them what you will—chumps, losers, suckers—but these guys all turned down guaranteed hot, nasty nookie.

By Ronnie Koenig

Illustrations by Mark Poutenis

SLEEZE Pass

The guys you're about to meet had what they consider good reasons for not seizing the opportunity when invited to have sex with a ready-and-willing babe. And we're not talking about saying no to so-so sex here. This isn't about Doug, 33, who fled naked from a woman's bed after sobering up and realizing the hottie he'd met in the bar was more like "Meat Loaf, with bigger tits." And it's not about Noah, 40, who, after getting a whiff of his bed partner's unsanitary lady parts, made up an excuse and made a quick escape.

No, these guys failed to seize the night because they were "doing the right thing." Are they bastions of moral decency, or just plain crazy?

The Pledge

From jocks to brainiacs, no man can resist the idea of banging a sorority girl. That is, no man except Jon, now 32, who decided to "just say no" to a pretty young pledge.

"I was in a fraternity in college, and there was this unspoken rule that we could hook up with the women from this one particular sorority. The girls weren't forced to sleep with us or anything, but I didn't like the idea of it. It was kind of like picking low-hanging fruit. There was no challenge involved. There was this one party my senior year, during pledge week. This cute little pledge from the sorority—she was short, with red hair and big tits, a really shy girl—comes up and starts giving me a lap dance. It was not subtle; she was literally rubbing her cooch on my leg. I knew that the sisters were 'giving her' to me, and that felt kind of creepy. I didn't want to be that guy, so instead I just gave her a little kiss and went back to drinking with my friends. Of course, everyone gave me shit about it. I later heard that the girl was upset and crying. But I still stand by my decision."





The Best Friend

We've heard the cliché that men and women can't be friends. Chuck, now 37, decided he was the exception to that rule when he resisted his hot best pal's advances in favor of—wait for it—her steadfast friendship.

"Lee and I have been best friends for years. Our friends used to always joke around and ask us when we were going to do it. But I honestly valued our friendship too much to risk it over a hookup, and I think she felt that way, too. That is, until one night after a mutual friend's wedding, when we found ourselves making out outside the reception. It was getting hot and heavy, but the thought kept running through my mind: *This is your best friend—don't fuck this up!* And so I ended up driving her home and not going upstairs with her. The next day we laughed about it, and she said it was probably the right decision. Fast-forward five years, and we ended up sleeping together just once. And we're still friends."

The Single Teen Mom

Who hasn't fantasized about getting it on with a sexy coworker? Abe, 38, ignored his secretary's siren song for fear of being cast in the role of baby daddy.

"I was doing computer consulting work in Nassau, in the Bahamas, and one of the ladies in the office continually rubbed her breasts against me. Even though she had nice tits and a great figure, whenever she'd 'accidentally' rub her tits against me I'd either pretend not to notice, or say 'excuse me' and smile and move away. I would have gone for it if not for the fact that she was so young—she was barely 18—and had a very young child, which I wanted nothing to do with. As the job went on, she got more aggressive. She would ask about going out together, and say that she wanted to come over to my hotel room. I just ignored her advances until the day I left the island."



The Best Friend's Crush

A sexy waitress wanted to satisfy Mick, 25, but since he knew his best buddy was into her, all he picked up was the check.

"Joe and I have been best friends since college. He was totally in love with one of the waitresses that worked at a restaurant we frequented. I would tell him to just ask her out, but he's a really shy guy and wouldn't do it. Then one night I was really drunk and decided I needed something to eat. I went into the restaurant by myself, and our hot waitress was there. She flirted with me heavily when she brought me my order. I had the urgent need to piss, so I went into the men's room. A second later, I notice someone else is in there. It's the waitress, and she's pressing her body up against mine and grabbing my cock. Under other circumstances, I would have been ready to go. She had an amazing body, really lean and toned. I never told Joe about it, but I did insist that we start eating at a different restaurant."



THE CATSUIT

There's nothing like working in a dungeon to broaden your sexual horizons.

By Reverend Jen • Photographs by Alexander Colby

Colin handed me the package as Annie looked on. "I'm sorry," he said. "I know it's tasteless, but it can be ripped. That's the important thing."

"Don't worry," I told him. "I love trashy things." Then, when I opened the package, I gasped. It was a *Josie and the Pussycats*-style, leopard-print catsuit of sorts, a bodysuit-and-stockings ensemble.

"This is beautiful," I exclaimed. The only pair of Underoos I ever owned had a *Josie and the Pussycats* image emblazoned on the front. Holding the Lycra getup in my hands, I spiraled into a Proustian memory, recalling a time when I worshipped cartoon deities: Josie, Melody, and Valerie, the catsuit-clad girl band that rocked not only this world, but outer space as well.

Colin was blushing, embarrassed by his cheesy-clothing fetish. Colin also smelled like soap—Dial soap, I was pretty sure. I had been spending so much time in blindfolds that I was sharpening my other senses. A month or two earlier I'd done a solo

session with Colin, whereupon I learned that he'd once been a regular of Annie's. When I told him we did sessions together, he'd pitched quite the pants-tent. The three of us had been together several times since, and Colin had grown comfortable enough to bring us both special outfits. He'd brought Annie a black bra, panty, and garter-belt ensemble.... I was happy with the catsuit.

I slipped into the catsuit in the adjoining dressing room, and checked myself out in the mirror. My stomach protruded slightly, like a little troll doll. When I came back in the room, Colin said, "Oh, my God, you look amazing. That actually looks good on you." Once Annie had also changed, Colin explained the scenario he'd envisioned for our session together: Annie would blindfold me and place cuffs around my wrists and ankles. She would drag me into the room on a leash and present me as a present to Colin. She would play the experienced slave, and I would play the naive pupil.

Annie ordered me to kneel. She gently slipped the blindfold over my eyes. Unlike most I'd worn, which constantly slipped off because they were too big for my tiny head, this one fit perfectly, and then everything went dark.

Annie tugged on my leash and led me to Colin.



[the sex files: pro submissive]

We stopped in front of him and I remained on my knees. They both caressed me, and I was unable to differentiate between male and female hands.

"Kiss your Master's legs and chest," Annie whispered.

My lips found Colin's skin and I sensuously kissed every available inch of it. He reassured me that I was doing well, and ordered me to run my hands over his underwear. When I did so, I felt proof of just how well I was doing. His cock twitched. Meanwhile, I could hear Annie and Colin kissing. The crotch of my catsuit was moistening quickly.

"Stand up, June," Annie commanded.

After I did, she led me to a suspension bar just a few feet away. She attached my wrists to the bar and raised it until I was practically on tiptoes, then tied my ankles to two posts on either side, immobilizing me. Pressing her body against mine, she kissed me on the lips, thrusting her tongue into my mouth.

Colin began to flog my upper back, alternating between a cat-o'-nine-tails and a horsetail whip. Between each whipping, he reached his hands around my body and caressed my still-clothed breasts. From the sound of his moaning, I imagined Annie was working on him. Finally, he quit flogging me and focused solely on my breasts, kissing and biting them through the fabric.

As he did this, Annie's fingers explored my now-soaked crotch, and I realized that Colin had strategically cut holes in my catsuit. Annie slipped her finger through a tiny hole in the crotch and played with my clit. "Don't come yet," she whispered.

"Rip the fabric, Annie," Colin said.

Annie slowly tore the crotch until my entire pussy was exposed, then she put three fingers inside me and moved them in and out. Meanwhile, Colin pressed his erection into my lower back, then dug his fingers into the fabric, tearing the back open.

He took Annie by her wrist cuffs and attached her wrists to the bar so our bodies were suspended together. She moaned and giggled as he tore fabric off me until my breasts were exposed. Annie's bra must have been removed at some point, and she thrust her swollen tits into my small, pointy ones. I bent my head down and licked them.

Once the fabric had been removed from my body, I was freed from suspension.

"I'm going to teach you how to properly undress your Master," Annie said. "Get down on your knees."

Kneeling, I searched for his skin with my hands.

"Slowly," she ordered.

I did as I was told, taking my time, and eventually freeing Colin from his underwear. My fingers grazed his cock and I kissed his stomach. His penis seemed larger than it ever had before.

"Stroke his cock," Annie insisted, and I responded by working over his dick with both hands. She could tell me to do anything and I'd do it. She'd make an excellent cult leader. I worked up and down Colin's





Annie played with my tits while **Colin fucked me into delirium. I had four hands, two tongues, and one penis** stimulating me.



shaft with both hands until he dribbled with pre-come.

I ran my tongue up his cock to the tip, where I tasted him. Finally, I took him in my mouth. He was so swollen I thought he might explode.

"Take it all for your Master," Annie ordered.

I attempted to do just that, while he must have been doing something equally generous to Annie, because she moaned right along with him.

Soon their hands were all over me. They made comments about the gushing state of my pussy. No surprise, as my juices were literally dripping down my legs. Next, they told me to bend over the leather bed at the center of the room. I thrust my ass out so they could give it a good spanking.

Then Colin instructed me to get on the bed and lie on my back. My wrists were cuffed to posts above my head and my legs were tied in the air, spread-eagle. My two instructors mounted me and—I think, although my eyes were incapacitated—gave each other oral sex over my inert body.

Annie's shaved pussy landed on my lips, and she said "Lick my pussy" in a voice so sweet it seemed in no way crass. As I began, I thought about what my male friends say about performing cunnilingus by doing the letters of the alphabet with your tongue. I decided to give it a try, and began doing my ABCs on Annie's vulva. I was bored by *F* and instead used my extra-long tongue like a cock, fucking Annie with it until her moaning grew so loud that I forgot all about letters, words, and anything else that might establish me as a functioning, thinking, speaking human being. I was a cat in heat that desperately needed to fuck.

Colin chained Annie's wrists to a post over the bed so she was higher than before, and I had to crane my neck in order to satisfy her. She squealed

with delight and I thought maybe she came, though I was now caught up in what Colin was doing to me. His fingers were working on my G spot and his tongue was on my clit.

After Annie climbed off me, I could feel a multitude of limbs and hands on my skin. Cold chains tickled me, and fingernails dug into me. Gasps of pleasure filled the room. I heard someone unwrap a condom, and in complete darkness I felt skin, tongues, stubble, hair, and teeth.

"Do you want to come?" Colin asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you want me to fuck you?"


"Yes, Sir."

"Say it."

"Please fuck me, Sir." I could barely get the words out.

Colin entered me deftly, although with my legs tied spread-eagle, I was an easy target. Annie played with my tits while Colin fucked me into delirium. I reached climax before he did, since I had four hands, two tongues, and one penis stimulating me, and I had been aroused to a point of no return.

He came shortly after I did, waited a moment, and rolled off me. We lay in silence for a minute, until Colin said, "That was tremendous."

I removed my blindfold, and my eyes struggled to adjust to the yellow light streaming through the ever-so-goth velvet curtains. Then I climbed off the bed, put on my sundress, and cleaned up the room, tossing the shredded remains of my catsuit in the garbage. 





euro blast

Emy Angela currently lives in Paris, but this sultry 23-year-old model/actress with heart-stopping 35-24-33 curves hails from the northern Italian city of Bolzano. "I miss my hometown," she tells us, "and I love my friends and my memories and the incredible Gothic cathedral, but I love the life of Paris."

Photographs by Brett Michael Nelson



"I'm not the kind of girl who picks up random guys, but if I were out at a club after breaking up with a boyfriend and I met a man who's my type ... sex with a stranger would be the perfect way to end the night."



"I like strong guys, and I'm very into facial hair, but the sexiest quality a man can possess is confidence."







"The most daring thing I've ever done was pose nude for an art class for the first time. I've come a long way as a model since then!"



"It's a classic choice at this point, I suppose, but I think the hottest sex scene Hollywood has ever come up with is the threesome with Neve Campbell and Denise Richards in *Wild Things*."

SEE MORE OF EMY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.







Renee Perez, aka
Renee Diaz



Heather
Vandeven

Taschen Books and editor Dian Hanson have done it again, offering another in their series of art books focusing obsessively on body parts. Their newest “sexy book,” *The Big Book of Pussy*, is an “in-depth exploration of the female pudendum.” It showcases some famous minge, such as those of Bettie Page, Vanessa del Rio, and Dita Von Teese. Most of the specimens, however, appear to be those of your father’s steno pool, after a few too many Manhattans at the 1967 office Christmas party.

Cunny connoisseurs will delight in the variety represented, from the vintage hirsute holes dating back as far as 1900 all the way to today’s waxed, pierced, tattooed, and otherwise modified models. This is a hypnotic parade of pussies, a cavalcade of cunts, a smorgasbord of snatch—bending over, stretching open, sucking on cigarettes, from above and below, stacked atop one another, in the shower, posing with bowling pins and telephones, squirting—we can’t get enough. 

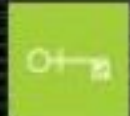
Pussy Galore

Cover to cover, this new book is nothing but a bounty of beaver.
But it’s an art book, so feel free to display it proudly.
By Christine Colby



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (HEATHER VANDEVEN/RENEE PEREZ) HOLLY RANDALL, (GEORGIA JONES) ED FOX

Georgia Jones



Roxy DeVille



Sienna

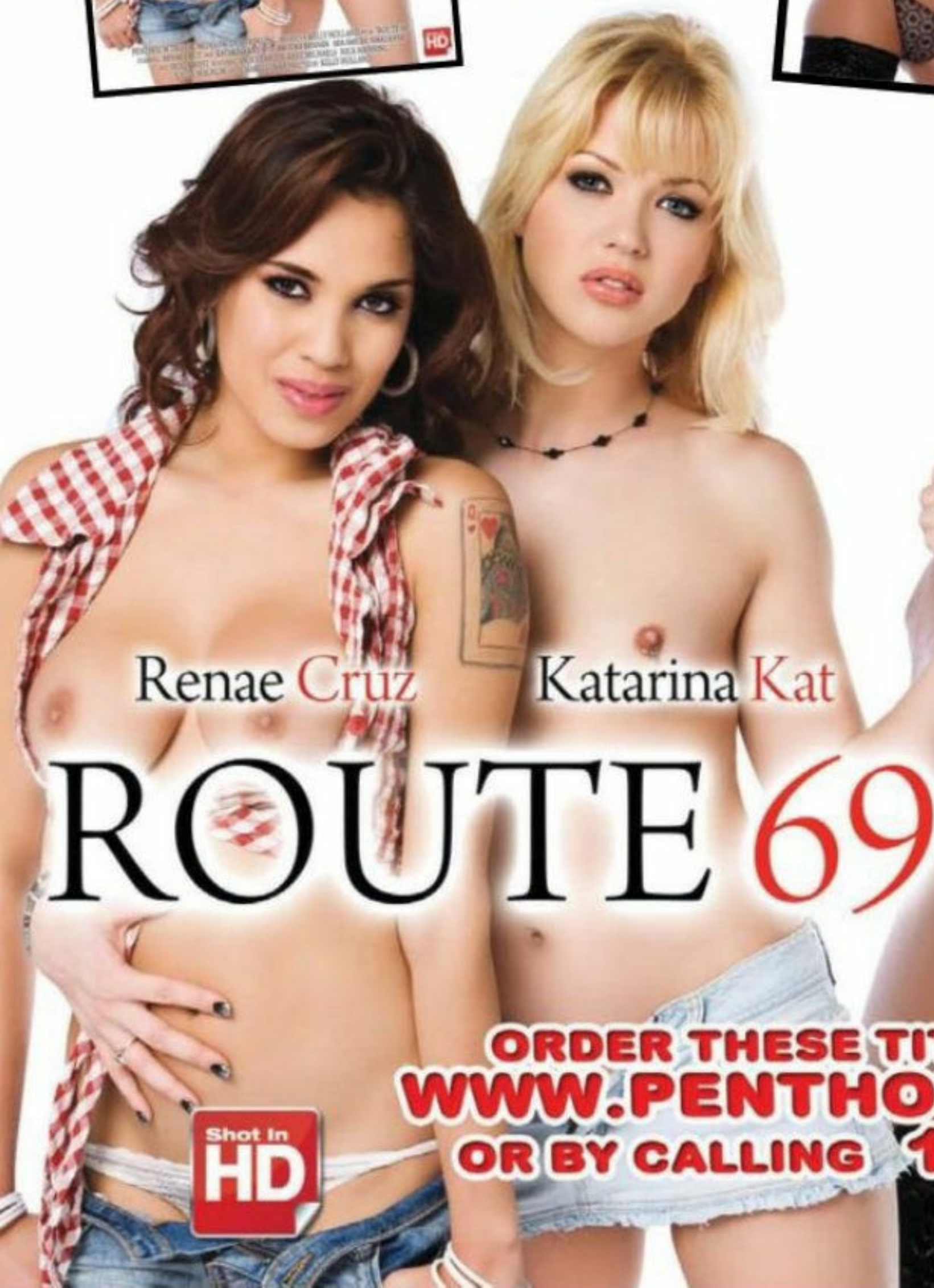
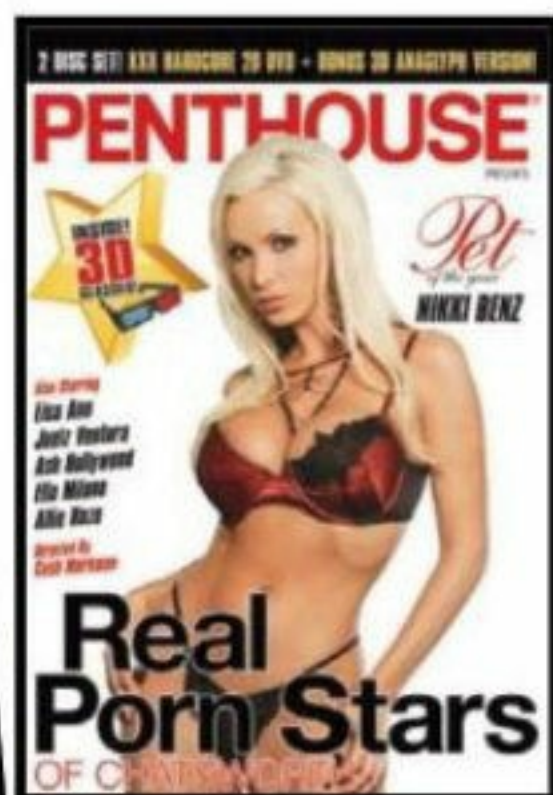
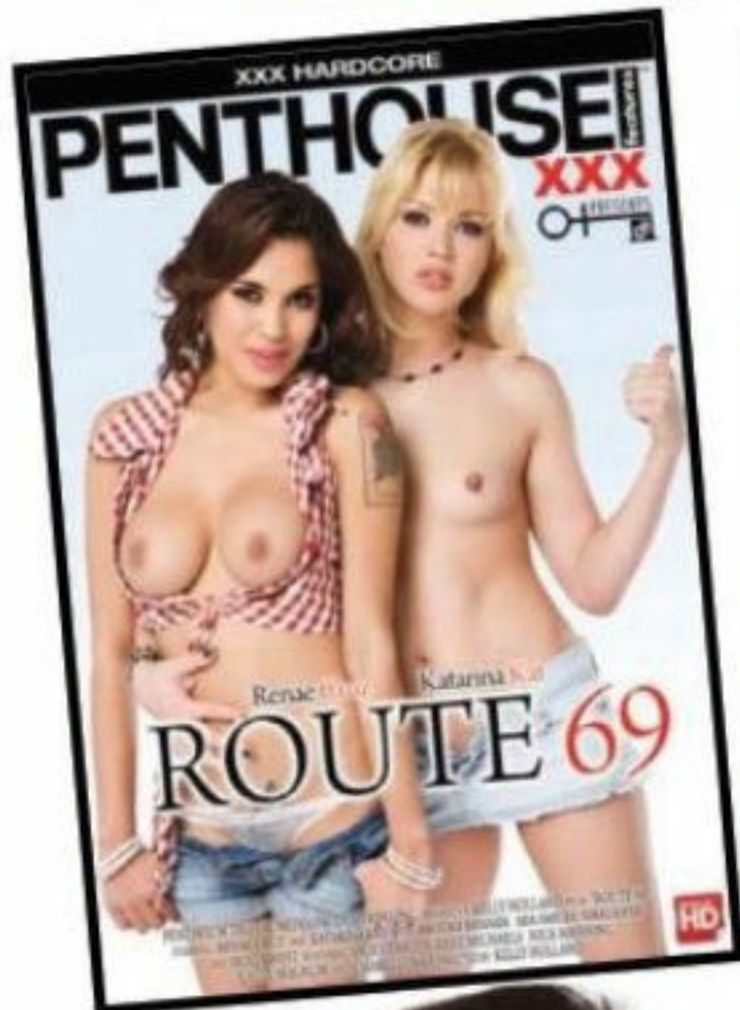


Kimberly Kane

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ROXY DEVILLE/KIMBERLY KANE) ED FOX, (SIENNA) GEORGE PITTS

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By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

■ DATING AN ESCORT

I recently started seeing this woman, and we've really hit it off. But after we'd been dating for several weeks, she admitted to me that she works as an escort. There's a lot of chemistry between us, but I have no illusions about what being an escort means. She says she's interested in a relationship, but I'm freaked out by the whole thing, and I'm wondering what to do.

For many a working girl, there's a boyfriend or a husband who may or may not know about her trade. Sex workers are people. They have lives and loves like everyone else. Having sex for money doesn't make a person unable to have a relationship, any more than a car salesman is unable to own a car.

Understandably, it can be hard for many people to wrap their heads around, if they believe that monogamy is the very definition of a committed relationship. But it isn't for everyone. If you've ever entertained the notion that swinging might be a fun lifestyle, or if you've ever had a fuck buddy whom you know hooks up with other people, then you could conceivably date a prostitute.

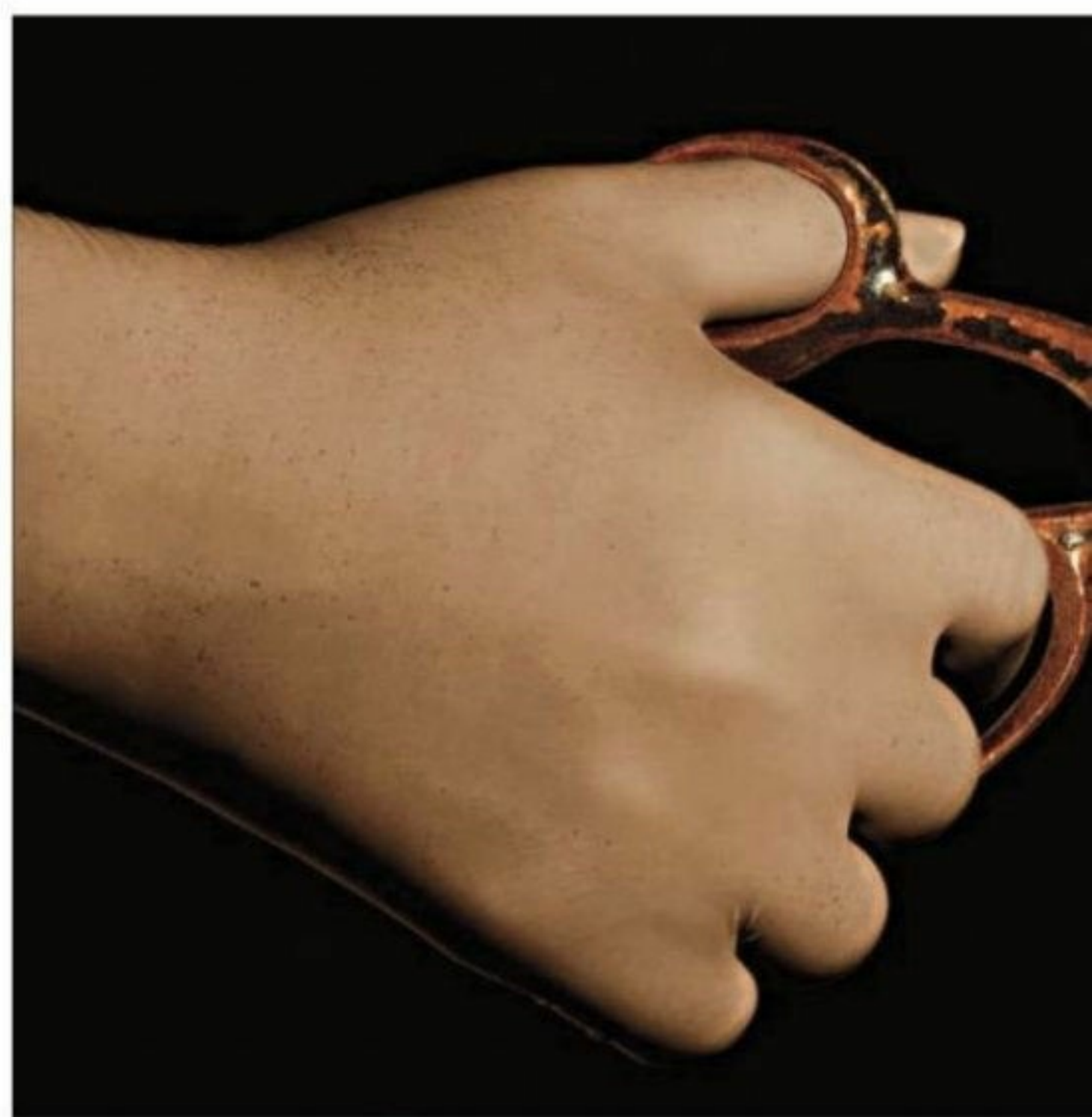
What you definitely should not do is pull any *Pretty Woman* bullshit. That movie is insulting to many sex workers. The sex trade—let's not kid ourselves—does have a seedy underbelly, but it also has a respectable, workaday side to it. Many sex workers don't consider themselves victims, but professionals with rewarding careers.

If you could pass that hurdle, then your next challenge would be common to everyone who chooses "open" relationships: dealing with feelings of jealousy. Could you contentedly go about your business, knowing full well that at that very moment she might be getting mouth-fucked by some fat old

businessman in a convention center hotel room? Or listen to her talk about bizarre kinks she's indulged that day? Some guys flat-out couldn't. Other guys might think they could, but find out otherwise when the relationship gets more serious.

Before going any further, you'll also need to consider how you'll deal with risks, for there are real risks—bad men who could hurt her, cops who could arrest her, sexually transmitted infections she might contract and share with you. I would only say to you that if she can explain that she has sensible strategies for dealing with these risks, it might help you worry less, for her sake and your own.

That's basically what it would take to be an escort's boyfriend, but I'm sure there is a lot more you could learn from other guys who are in relationships with sex workers. Maybe you could ask this woman if any of her friends in the business have boyfriends or husbands who know about their line of work, and see if you could talk with them. On the plus side, she's sure to give amazing blowjobs.



■ WAITING ON THE MALE PILL

I've been hearing a lot about a male birth-control pill. Is one going to be on the market soon?

The world has been waiting for a birth-control pill for men ever since the first female oral contraceptive hit the market in the 1960s. And guess what? We'll be waiting a little longer—five years, maybe seven.

Considering that scientists have been working to create a male pill for about half a century, that's relatively soon—but not soon enough for me. I heard the news reports about recent breakthroughs in the development of male hormonal contraception just as I was scheduling my vasectomy. As I write this, I'm lying on the sofa with an ice pack on my balls. Call me impatient.

Besides condoms, vasectomy is still the only option men have to take control of their fertility. The main advantage of vasectomy, that it's permanent, is also its downside. It's only for the man who is absolutely certain that he is done making babies for the rest of his life. Vasectomy

reversal is possible, but difficult, expensive, and not always successful.

Until recently, conventional wisdom held that there wouldn't be much demand for a male hormonal contraceptive like the female birth-control pill. It was assumed that most men were in two camps—those who didn't mind using condoms, and those who could talk their wives and girlfriends into going on the Pill—and that men themselves would be afraid of taking a pill. Surveys of men around the world have shown that's not the case. A majority of men would be interested in taking some kind of hormonal birth control.

Female birth-control pills are concoctions of synthetic hormones that tell a woman's body not to release eggs from her fallopian tubes. The two male hormonal contraceptives furthest along in development use a hormone that stops the brain and testes from making testosterone, which halts sperm production. But men need testosterone to have a sex drive and manly attributes, so synthetic testosterone is given as well. Neither

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ABOVE) ERYRIE/ALAMY, (RIGHT) ISTOCKPHOTO

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to sexed@ffn.com.



of these are pills. One combination being tested in several European countries is an injection given every couple of months, and another combination being tested in Europe is an implant under the skin plus an injection. There are not any being tested in the United States.

Two other nonhormonal options are also far enough along in development to be worth mentioning. One is a plug called an "intra vas device" (IVD), which is implanted surgically into the vas deferens—the tube that carries sperm from the testes. This is being tested in China. Another thing called "reversible inhibition of sperm under guidance" (RISUG) is being developed in India. It's a kind of plastic cement injected into the vas. When it sets up, it creates a plug. Theoretically, both IVD and RISUG can be removed if a man decides to father a child.

Since none of these things can be reasonably expected to get a green light from U.S. regulators for several years, I'd like to put in a personal word for vasectomy. Apparently, American men are big wusses when it comes to getting fixed.

Only 17 percent of American men in their fifties have had a vasectomy, and less than 10 percent of married couples in the United States rely on vasectomy for contraception, compared with 15 to 20 percent in several other developed countries, such as the United Kingdom and Canada. American women are much more likely to opt for a surgical solution—one million tubal ligations per year, compared with 500,000 vasectomies. Getting her tubes tied is major surgery, requiring general anesthesia, and costs six times as much as a vasectomy.

A vasectomy is not major surgery. With the no-scalpel method that most doctors use now, it can be done in a doctor's office. I took a couple of Valium and read a book on my iPad while I was getting snipped. And as I can attest, it's virtually painless. Ibuprofen and an ice pack every couple of hours is all I've needed. I'll be back in business in about a week. When the next big thing in male contraception arrives in 2018, or thereabouts, my mild scrotal soreness will be a distant memory.

■ FUCKIN' FEBRUARY 14

Last year my boyfriend and I had a gigantic fight because I didn't feel like having sex on Valentine's Day. I thought it was no big deal, but apparently it's a sin to withhold sex on V-Day. What gives?

Holidays set us up to fail and feel miserable. There's a script that we're all supposed to follow, and if we don't, it's a fail. Valentine's Day is no exception. Don't have someone to screw on February 14? Fail. Don't feel like screwing on February 14? Fail.

The only way to get through any holiday unscathed is to throw out the script, and approach it without any expectations. Some years, you'll get laid on February 14. Other years, you'll get a card and some candy hearts. Take what you get and be happy.

If we must designate a holiday for couples to have obligatory sex, I propose we observe it on Labor Day. **OT—**

The only way to get through Valentine's Day unscathed is to approach it without any expectations.



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04-22 [shyla&dani]

tankgirls

Some girls dream of romance, flowers, and chocolate for Valentine's Day, but Shyla Jennings and Dani Daniels would rather put on a down-and-dirty show. These ladies leave no avenue to sexual satisfaction untouched, no pleasure point unsullied, while they're acting on their—and our—naughtiest notions.

Photographs by Jose Cardenas



















SEE MORE OF SHYLA AND DANI AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





RIDE A COWBOY

When a waitress
inadvertently voices
her secret desire,
she ends up getting
the ride of her life.

By Del Carmena
Illustrations by Charlene Chua

I

WANT TO FUCK YOU."

Rita didn't know who was more surprised. She, at the words that came out of her mouth, or Nate, who looked at her like a deer caught in headlights.

"What?" he asked.

Rita pretended the last minute hadn't happened. She waved her pad at him. "What would you like to order?"

Nate gave her a knowing look.

She steeled herself. Hopefully whatever cut he gave her would not be loud enough for the other diners to hear. The last thing she needed or wanted was the town gossip mill looking in her direction.

"I'll take the blue-plate special," he said, "the steak medium-well, heavy on the gravy, four biscuits. Coffee. Black."

Rita wrote furiously and reached for his menu. He held on to it and forced her to meet his eyes—his questioning, hers resolved.

He let go of the menu. Rita forced herself to walk toward the kitchen, all the while yearning to run from the room. She put in the order and kept walking down the hallway, out the back door. Leaning on the wall, she took deep breaths to calm her racing heart and covered her face with her hands. She shook her head and dried her sweaty palms on her apron, a blush hot on her cheeks.

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. She couldn't believe she had voiced her secret obsession, and to Nate's face, no less. She wouldn't have been surprised if he had leapt onto his horse and ridden for the hills.



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But he looked so hot in his tight jeans, and whenever he wore his white-shirt-and-leather-vest combo, all she could think of was riding a cowboy—Nate, to be exact. She'd ride him until he was wild and sweaty, until she'd quenched her lust for him.

Rita heard her name being called. She straightened her hair, her Mexican lace blouse, and her spine as she entered the diner.

Nate's eyes followed her as she filled coffee cups, took food requests, and chatted with her customers. Aside from refilling his cup, Rita ignored him. On any other day, she would have rejoiced at having him linger over his meal so she could steal glances at his chiseled features, his dark wavy hair, and the big bulge in his jeans. She'd built fantasies around him and that bulge. Her favorite was the one of them fucking in a booth, ending with his tongue on her clit, and his cock in her mouth. On any other day—but not today. She wanted him to leave so she could soak her head.

Rita put the check upside down in front of Nate and quickly stacked the dishes. "I'll get these out of your way." She was talking too fast, a clear sign of nervousness.

Nate caught her hand. She froze.

"Is there something else you want?" she asked, not meeting his eyes.

"You." He ran his fingers across her skin.

"What?" Did she just squeak?

"You." His voice was confident and strong. "Your breasts cupped in my hands, my tongue in your mouth, my dick—"

Rita pressed her fingers against his mouth and looked around frantically in case anyone had heard.

He pulled one of her fingers into the dark wetness of his mouth. Her eyes looked into his. Hunger stared back. She saw his eyes drop to her breasts. She imagined him sucking her nipples and desire pooled in her cunt.

For a second, they were alone with their desires; only the tinkling of china brought them back to reality. He let her pull her finger free, but she couldn't resist stroking his lips.

"What time do you get off?" His hand was still hot on hers.

"I'm closing tonight." Her voice was breathless.

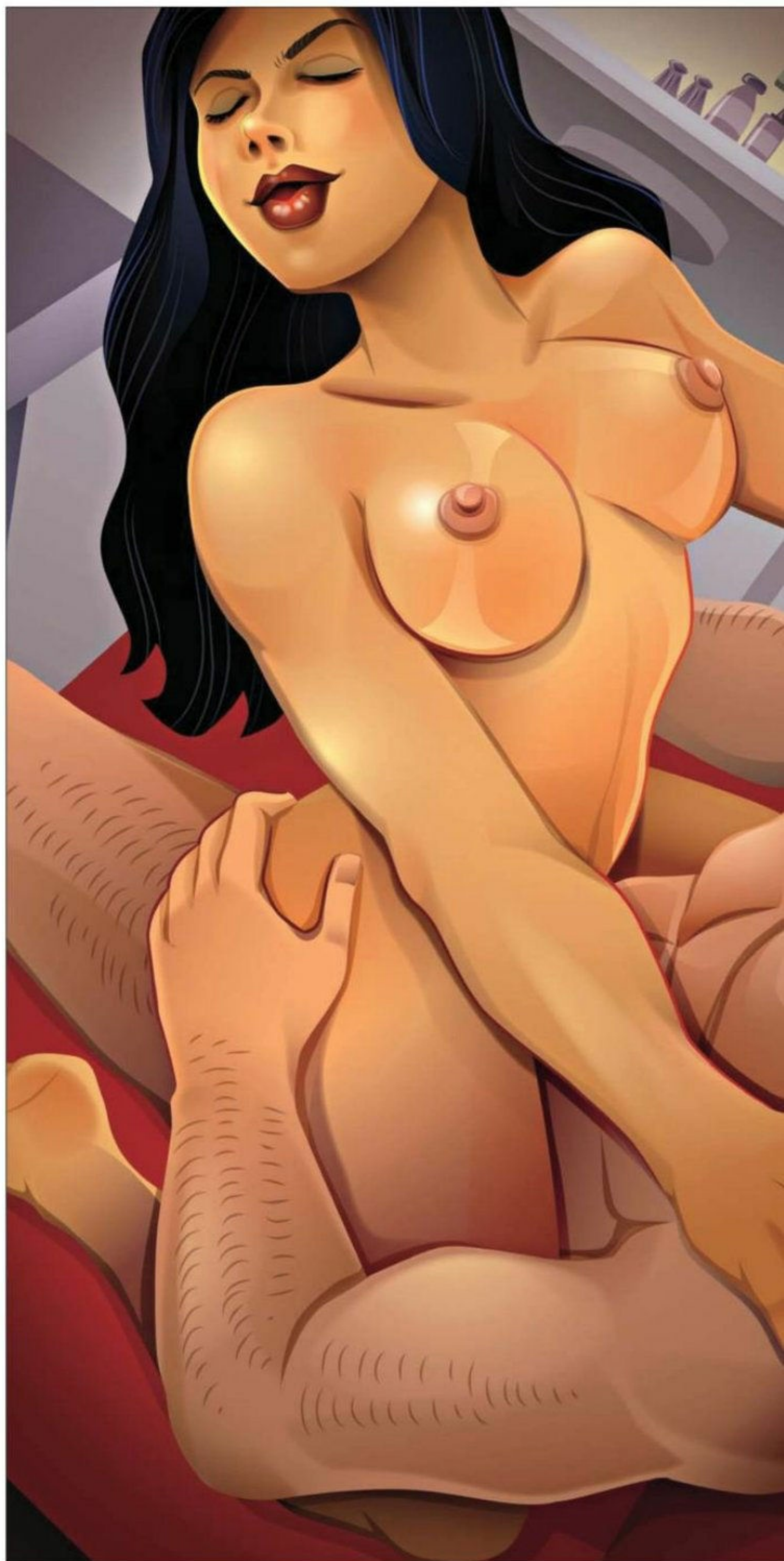
"I'll be back to fuck you then." He stood, and the heat of his body was intoxicating as it pressed against her briefly. The warmth of his breath caressed her neck and sent shivers down her body.

Rita took the plates and headed toward the kitchen. She watched Nate walk out the door. He had a tight ass and a swagger. Very John Wayne. Very sexy. She looked at the large clock over the counter: two hours to closing.

Closing time crawled closer. Customers came and went. The kitchen shut down. Rita was finally alone. She pushed tables and chairs around, preparing the diner for a private seductive encounter.

Her panties were damp with lust.

Maybe he wouldn't come. Doubt plagued her, but she pushed it away. *He'll come*, she told herself.





She threw her head back, her body arching as **her cunt stretched to accommodate his thickness**, stretched to suck all of him in.

He'll come, in more ways than one. A smile touched her lips.

Candles, she thought. They needed candles. Rita ran into the kitchen and grabbed a handful, along with some matches. She had just finished lighting the last one when she sensed the man at the door.

His silhouette screamed cowboy: hat, vest, tight jeans, bulge.

"Say it again," he asked.

"I want to fuck you." She trembled as he crossed to her.

The room was dark, except for the candlelight and the glare coming from the kitchen window. Rita took in Nate's handsome features, the hunger naked on his face. Never had she craved a man more.

He tossed his hat onto one of the booths and reached for her. His mouth was hot and wet on hers, his dick hard against her belly.

"I want to be balls-deep in you already." Big hands cupped her breasts. She had taken off her bra earlier, so the lace from her blouse was rough against the sensitive peaks. She almost came when he sucked her nipples through the lace.

He caught her moan with his mouth. His tongue demanded entrance and was welcomed. She was his for the taking and he took. He pulled her skirt and panties down in one move, and boldly slid his fingers over her swollen clit and wet pussy. He inserted a finger, then two. She bucked against them and grabbed on to him for fear of falling.

His shoulders were hard beneath her fingers, warm against her palms. She opened his shirt, sculpting and rubbing his chest. She couldn't resist pressing her nose to his throat. He smelled of horses, grass, and manly sweat.

She heard his intake of breath. His hands were rough on her hair as he pulled her lips to meet his. He devoured her, his lips sucking and licking. He tasted of pure ambrosia. Suddenly, he released her and removed the rest of their clothes.

Her naked cowboy was built: wide chest, fine muscles, strong thighs, and a big dick. Her hand couldn't close completely around his thickness.

She knelt in front of him and ran her hand up and down his shaft. It was a beautiful thing—long, thick, hard, and pointing straight at her. She rubbed her face—cheeks, nose, lips—against his sex. She swirled her tongue down his length, tasting the muskiness. She licked the drop of pre-come on the tip of his penis and took him into her mouth, opening wider, and wider still, to accommodate his size.

Rita felt his hands in her hair as he thrust his dick deeper into her mouth, until the tip of his penis touched the back of her throat. She grazed him with her teeth. She could do this all night, she thought, and continued sucking harder and faster. Her mouth moved up and down his cock.

He pulled out of her with a small popping sound.

"I want to be inside you first." His voice growled with lust as he pulled her up. Taking a quick look around, he grabbed his pants and headed for the back booth she had prepared. He sat and she mounted herself a naked cowboy, her cunt rubbing against his hard penis. She laughed as he pulled a strip of condoms from his pocket.

"I have more if we run out," she whispered against his lips.

The condom was rolled on quickly and she seated herself fully on his cock. His hands anchored her on his lap. She threw her head back, her body arching as her cunt stretched to accommodate his thickness, stretched to suck all of him in.

She rocked slowly at first, looking for a good rhythm. She took him in as deeply as she could with each downward thrust. He thrust upward, again and again. Their ride was fast and furious.

She rode her cowboy long and hard. His thrusts escalated, giving neither one relief. Hunger and need drove them, until the only sounds in the room were their moans and the soft slap of their sweaty bodies coming together.


She could feel the pressure rising within her. The hurting was so good and suddenly too much. He grabbed her hips and his calloused fingers pressed into her heated flesh. He brought her down until he was balls-deep inside her. He thrust deep one last time and her orgasm burst open. Her whole body shuddered with pure pleasure. She heard his shout echo throughout the room.

They collapsed into each other's arms. He buried his face between her breasts; her head rested on top of his. They clung together as the aftermath of their passion rumbled inside them. Her hands were around his torso, his around her waist. Delicious shivers danced on their skin.

She felt a gentle tug at her breast. She sat back against his thighs, but tightened the lips of her vagina to keep him inside her. Their eyes and then their mouths met.

"I love the service here." His voice was husky from their shared passion. "I'll have to come more often."

"You will," she promised.

Their laughter was soft and intimate and just the beginning, for they had all night to explore each other. She was looking forward to riding her cowboy into the sunrise. 

"Ride a Cowboy," by Del Carmena, from *Women in Lust*, edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel. Published by Cleis Press, 2011.

Southern Belles

The city of Baton Rouge boasts a brand-new Penthouse Club, where the Key Girls put a sexy spin on Southern comfort and hospitality.



Baton Rouge may be located slightly north of New Orleans, but don't let geography fool you—with its laid-back vibe and friendly locals, Baton Rouge feels infinitely more Southern than its debauched neighbor. Until recently, it was a relatively sleepy college city, but thanks to an influx of new residents post-Katrina, the downtown scene has been revived. And nothing could be a better addition to this warm and welcoming

city than a Penthouse Club.

The new Penthouse Club is just a few miles from the Louisiana State University campus, on the site of the former Gold Club Cabaret, but the once-kitschy landmark has been transformed into an elegant entertainment mecca. Even the most nostalgic locals have been won over by the club's friendly atmosphere, strong drinks, and mind-blowing talent from around the globe. In fact, the grand opening featured a gravity-defying performance by Katarina Kat, a former circus acrobat and contortionist from Kazakhstan who left the audience stunned.

"The talent was amazing," said 2011 Pet of the Year Nikki Benz, who was on hand to meet and greet lucky club-goers at the grand opening, and to sign copies of her *Penthouse* layouts. "They're some of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen, and some of the best pole dancers in the country." Nikki was joined by sexy September 2011 Pet of the Month



Emily Addison, who also couldn't stop raving about the Key Girls. "I've danced in many clubs, but I'd never been to a Penthouse Club before—it's amazing!" she told us. "The girls were gorgeous, full of Southern charm, and really great dancers. Nikki and I couldn't resist getting onstage and joining in on the fun, and I want to thank all of the beautiful ladies for being so sweet to us!"

Die-hard college football fans might have to divide their attention among the three stages of entertainment and the four big-screen TVs with high-definition audio. (When Louisiana State University played its epic game against rival Alabama a few weeks after the grand opening, the club hosted a viewing party with its own sizzling halftime show—talk about a win-win.) Guests can grab a beer and survey the scene, or head straight for the stages to be in the heart of the action. "The club has a very upbeat, fun, party vibe," Nikki said. "It seemed like everybody was there to have a good time, and the friendly staff and amazing girls made it happen." Of course, if you want to break away from the party for a bit, the club offers private rooms for guests. Nikki suggests, "Get a bottle of champagne, get a girl to sit in your lap, and enjoy your night!"

In a city best known for historical sites and academic institutions, we can't think of a better place to blow off steam and get to know Baton Rouge's wild side. And don't miss Nikki and Emily indulging their wild side on stage—just turn the page!



At left: Nikki Benz (left) and Emily Addison





Our busty blonde 2011 Pet of the Year, Nikki Benz, couldn't resist the charms of September Pet of the Month Emily Addison.



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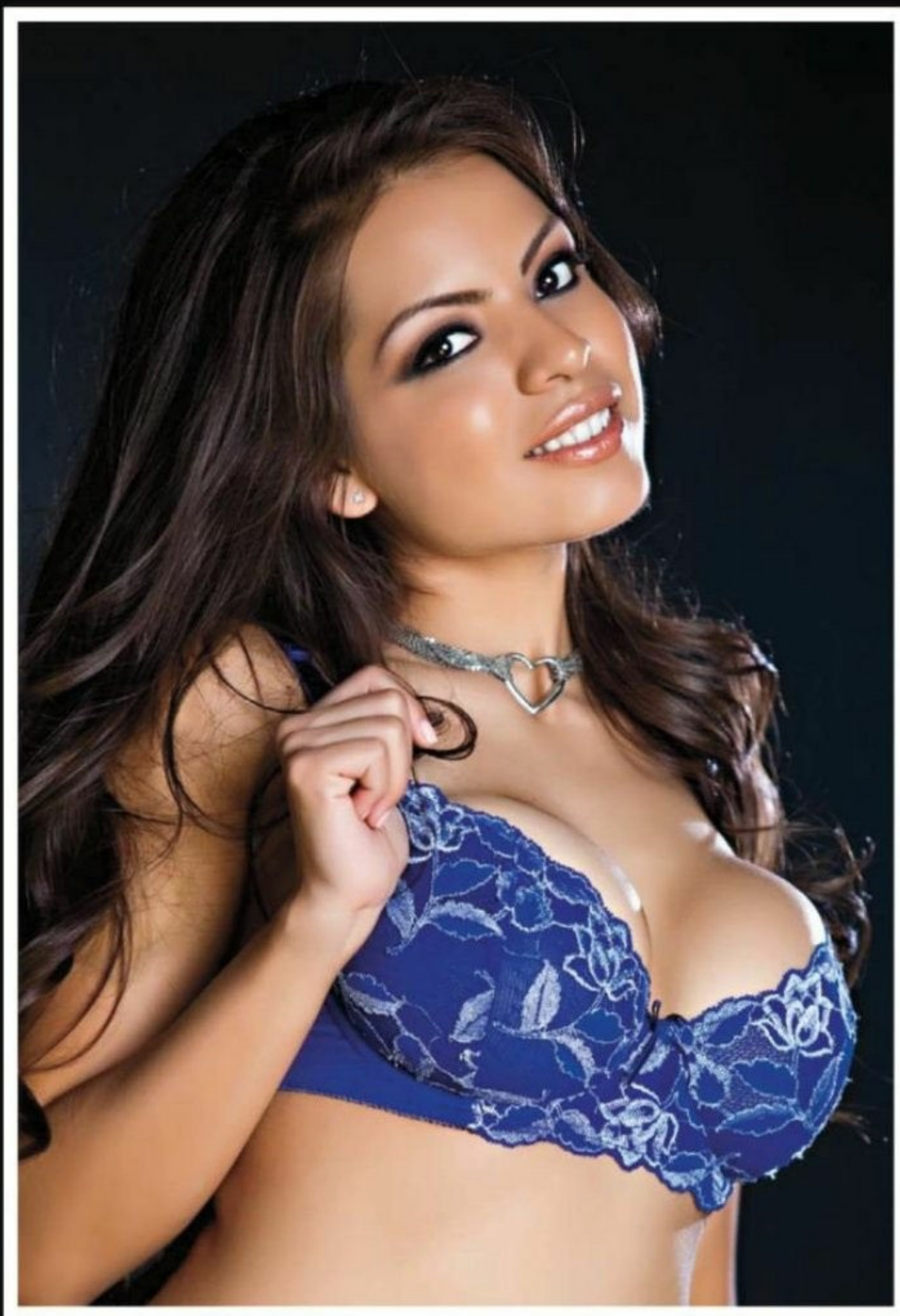
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Sweet and sexy Yurizan Beltran has the face of an angel and the 32DD-26-34 figure of a sex bomb. But that's not why the 25-year-old stands out. "It's my hair," she jokes. "I'm the only girl in the business with real hair." We can think of a few other reasons why she's a lusted-after erotic model, but we'll let these smoking-hot photos do the talking.

Photographs by JoseR





"I know whether I want to sleep with a guy as soon as I look into his eyes. And if he's my type, I'll let him know. I may be little and quiet, but I'm aggressive. I go after what I want."





"Thanks to my job, I've been able to live out most of my fantasies. Only one is left: sex on the beach. Oh, and an orgy! I'd like to have a huge orgy with, like, 30 of the hottest porn girls I know. That would be hot!"





"The only time I'd have sex with a complete stranger is if I'm at work. Or if it's a gorgeous girl. For a really hot woman, I'm willing to break my rule."

SEE MORE OF YURIZAN AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





PARTY FAVORS

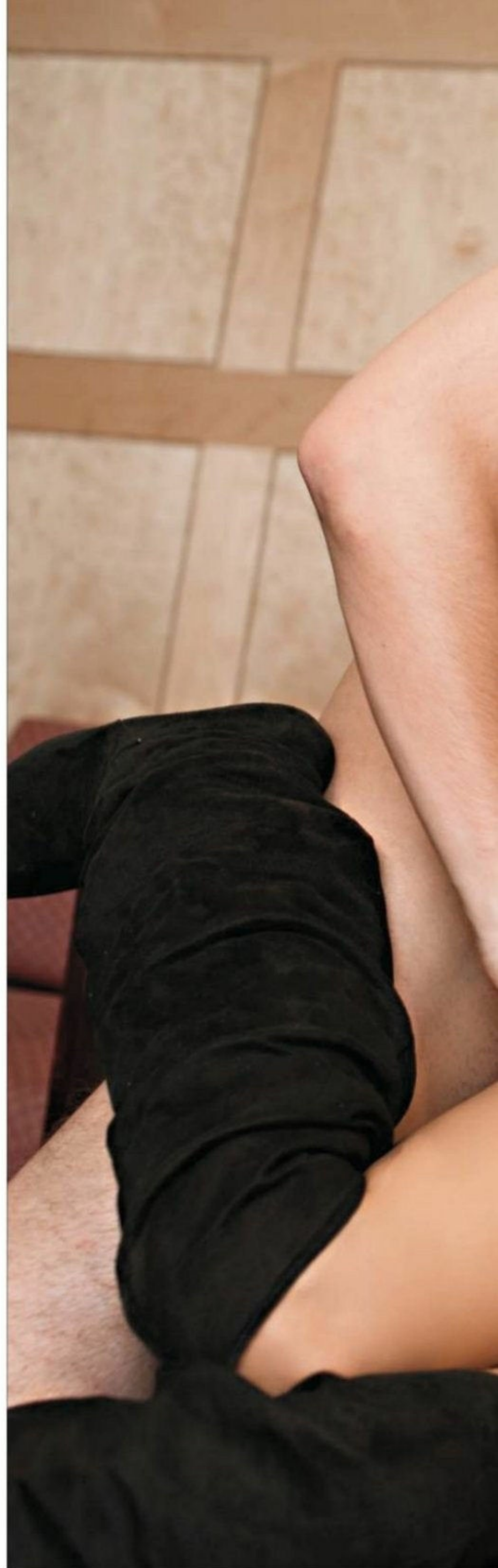
*A hot tale from the upcoming Letters to Penthouse
XXXXIV, published by Grand Central Publishing.*

I don't often take risks, unless there's something I really want. When my cousin talked me into going to a party with her, I didn't think there would be any fun in it for me. But that was only until we got there and I saw him standing across the room. Within minutes, our eyes met and I knew this would be a chance to let my hair down and have a good time.

I was going to ask my cousin to introduce us, but she had disappeared with one of her friends. Sensing this guy's eyes on me, I suddenly felt flushed. I walked out onto the terrace for some fresh air. When I heard the door open and close behind me, I knew it was him.

His arms came around me as I turned, and he said, "I didn't know if you were going to come back, so I thought I'd follow you."

Looking into his deep green eyes, I knew what was going to happen. From the look on his face, he knew, too. Not caring about anything but how this man was making me feel, I watched him bend his head toward mine. Our lips met and suddenly nothing else existed. As our tongues came together, our passion exploded. We broke apart only long enough to unbutton each other's shirt. When his bare skin touched mine, it drove me crazy with need. His searching lips made a path from my mouth down my neck, and he pulled my shirt open.





I pulled his shirt out of his pants so I could touch more of him with my trembling hands. He explored my body, and then lifted me up as I wrapped my legs around his waist.

Never before had anyone made me feel like this. I'd forgotten where I was, forgotten that someone could walk out and catch us at any minute.

With my back against the wall and my lips on his, he let me slide down and then lifted my skirt so he could grab my panties and pull them off. Before they hit the ground, his cock was out of his pants and thrusting toward me. Taking it into my hands, I began stroking and teasing him just as someone opened the terrace door. My hands fell away from him and he thrust himself inside me. No one came out, though. I guessed they just wanted to let some cool air in. Gasping as his mouth returned to mine, I forgot about everything but what was happening between me and this mystery man. I met him thrust for thrust. When I heard laughter coming through the open door, it made me feel wanton and lent an edge to what we were doing. I was so excited by the thrill of possible discovery.

Thrusting faster and faster, we climaxed together. Breathlessly holding each other in the aftermath of what we'd just experienced, we started laughing, unable to believe that we'd had sex where anyone could have seen us. For the first time in my life, I had acted without thinking about the results of what I was doing. And it felt damn good.

We straightened our clothes and walked back in to the party. I held his hand and followed him through the living room and into the hallway. We kept walking until we found an empty room, away from the rest of the party, a combination study and bedroom.

I followed him in and closed the door behind me. The next thing I knew, we were in each other's arms again. Kissing him seemed as natural and necessary as breathing to me. I just had to do it. He unbuttoned my shirt as I groped at his, pulling it off over his head. When my shirt finally slipped from my arms, we couldn't get enough of each other. Once we started kissing, we didn't want to stop. He reached behind me and unzipped my skirt. I kicked it off along with my shoes.

He unfastened my bra and I dropped it to the floor. I stood in front of him wearing just my panties and stockings. I reached for the top of his pants to undo them, then slipped my hands inside and pushed them down far enough to release his penis. I gasped as I felt the length of him against my stomach. He stepped away from me just long enough to pull off the rest of his clothes, and then his arms were back around me.

I reached between us and grasped his cock, and had a wonderful feeling of power as it hardened in my hands. He was unable to stand this sweet torture long, and soon pulled my hands away and began to work on me. One of his hands made its way down my body, slowly driving me crazy, for I knew exactly where it was going. My knees were growing weaker by the minute, so I held on to his shoulders as he slipped one finger inside me. I thrust my hips against his hand as his fingers did amazing things to me.



When I could stand no more I cried out, and he swung me up into his arms. I assumed we were headed to the bed, but instead he carried me toward the desk. With one quick swipe of his arm, he cleared the desk of its books and files. He pulled my panties off, tossed them aside, and placed me on the desk. He stood between my legs, looking at me, and suddenly entered me with one hard, fast motion. I wrapped my legs around him so he couldn't pull away, and rose to meet his every thrust. I kissed him like I've never kissed anyone before. He put his hands on my hips to pull me closer, and pressed his cock even deeper inside, and I was overcome by the most incredible orgasm I'd ever experienced. Just then, he reached his climax.

When we were finally able to speak, he said in a husky voice, "By the way, I forgot to mention, my name's Mark."

Laughing at the way he'd put it, I said, "Well, we were a little busy. I'm Jo."

Then he surprised me all over again by lifting me off the desk and carrying me to the bed. "Don't you think it's time for us to try this in the more traditional way, Jo?" he asked as he got on top of me. I laughed and agreed, and then rolled him over so that I was on top. I started kissing my way down his body, using my tongue to drive him crazy. Brushing up against his cock, I felt him shudder and I looked up into his eyes. What I saw there made me smile. I kissed his inner thighs, making my way to what I was really seeking. He groaned in frustration when I kissed him lightly. Knowing he wanted more, I took him into my mouth. He soon drew me back up and gave me a hungry kiss that spoke volumes about his need. Turning me onto my back, he began sucking my nipples. Just when I'd think he was done, he'd take the other one into his mouth, sucking until I

could hardly bear it. He made his way down my body until he stopped suddenly and looked up at me. Knowing what he was about to do nearly drove me over the edge. He lowered his head to my very essence and I jumped at the touch of his tongue. There was no way I could stop the amazing things he was making me experience. I knew I would always remember this wild, erotic night. Finally, I couldn't take any more, and I grabbed his shoulders and pulled him back up to me. I brought his lips to mine as my arms encircled his neck.

The tip of his penis touched me lightly, then he thrust himself inside me again. I tightened my legs around his hips to pull him in deeper. I gasped as we both came. Feeling his breath against my shoulder, I knew that he felt the magic between us, just as I did. He held me tightly as he turned onto his side, as if he couldn't bear to be separated from me. Feeling him kiss my temple, I looked up and asked, "How long do you think we have before someone looks for us?"



He put his hands on my hips to pull me closer, and pressed his cock even deeper inside, and I was overcome by the most incredible orgasm ever.



He looked at me with an amused expression and said, "Unless your friend said something, I doubt anyone even noticed we're gone. Why?"

"I don't know," I answered. "I guess I just wanted to know how much time we've got before someone walks in on us."

"Don't worry. I locked the door," he said with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"So we have plenty of time to ourselves then?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "So what do you say we don't waste any more of it?"

Without giving him a chance to say anything else, I kissed him hard. I was rewarded with the feel of him growing hard again inside me. He began to move, thrusting into me, his hands on my hips. Breaking the kiss, we continued riding each other hard and fast. All kinds of emotions came over me as I looked into his eyes and climaxed. Feeling his hands tighten on me, I knew he had come again, too.

There were a lot of firsts for me that night, and I have no regrets whatsoever. Given the same circumstances, I'd probably do the exact thing again. I could sense that he felt the same way I did, and we stayed in bed a bit, in each other's arms, listening to the party start to wind down.

"I guess we should get dressed and head back out," I said, dreading the prospect.

"Yeah, I guess we should, since it's my party," he told me.

Rising from the bed, we dressed in silence. Finally, when we were both presentable again, we turned to each other for one final kiss, knowing it would be our last. Then, with one quick look around the room, he opened the door and we walked out together, just as we had come in. What a night!—

Name and address withheld

LATE-NIGHT LUST

I'd been planning my first time with Jared for weeks. I'm not a sex-on-the-first-date kind of girl, but somehow we'd managed to get through a dozen without ending up in bed. How that had happened was beyond me, but the time had finally come for us to, well, come.

I was all set for it to be the most magical night. I'd bought fancy lingerie, soy candles, and brand-new Egyptian-cotton sheets. My roommate was out of town and everything was going to be perfect. Of course, Jared being Jared, he managed to completely ruin my plans—and make things even better in the process.

On the night my plans were set to play out, Jared called from the office to tell me he would be working late. He didn't think he could make it to my place for our date. I was disappointed, but I understood. I blew out the candles, put away my sexy lingerie, and put on the ratty T-shirt and sweatpants I wore to sleep in when I was alone.

A few hours later I was on the couch, watching late-night TV, when there was a knock on the door. It was pretty late, but I thought maybe my roommate had come home early from her trip and didn't want to intrude if Jared and I were together. I went to let her in, but it was Jared. He apologized for canceling our date, but said he'd been hoping I'd still be up so he could see me (it was a Friday night, so his chances were good). He was clearly exhausted from work, but I thought it was sweet that he'd come over. I pulled him over to the couch and we sat down to watch TV. I didn't expect anything to happen—I figured he'd pass out on the couch within a few minutes. Again, I was wrong.

He pulled me closer to him so I was crushed against his chest. When he didn't say anything for a few minutes, I looked up to see if he was still awake, and I saw him looking down at me. When our eyes met, he leaned down and kissed me. Our kiss quickly deepened, and soon we were horizontal on the couch, with Jared on top of me. A moment later, his hands were under my shirt and he was moving them up to my braless tits. He fondled my breasts for a minute and then lifted my shirt, pulling it over my head. We'd gone to third base before, but it felt different this time, hotter.

With my shirt out of the way, Jared started sucking on my nipples and



massaging my breasts. I let him go at it for a while, enjoying the pleasure he was giving me, but when his hand slipped between my legs, I pushed him back so I could get his clothes off, too. I fought to remove his shirt, nearly ripping some buttons off as I did, then pulled it off him. I ran my hands over his chest and abs, pausing to gently scrape my nails over his nipples, making him moan.

I raked my fingers down to the waist of his pants and slipped them under the black material. I could feel the warmth from his hard cock, and I wanted to get closer to it. I unbuttoned his slacks and reached in. His dick was already hard, the head of his cock pointing up toward his stomach, and as soon as I had him in my hand I started to stroke.

Jared went from stiff to hard-as-steel almost instantly, and as soon as I felt that, I needed to get his pants off. I moved to the floor and took his pants

with me. Then I was between his legs, my head bobbing up and down his incredible length. I kept my mouth on his dick for only a couple of minutes, though. Unlike the other times I'd blown him, giving head wasn't the main event.

All thoughts of the soft sheets on my bed and the sweet-scented candles went out of my head as I crawled back into Jared's lap. He kissed me again and then slipped his hand between my legs, pushing his fingers against me through my thin sweats. The more aroused I got, the more I wanted my pants off.

After a minute or two of making out and groping, I'd had enough. I stood up and went to the bathroom to get a condom, leaving Jared hard and confused. When I came back into the living room, I dropped my sweatpants and was back in his lap in a flash. Once I had the condom on him, I straddled his hips and slid straight down onto his cock, feeling him slide up into my pussy and fill me deliciously. I started to grind against him, my hips moving back and forth and side to side as his dick throbbed inside me.

I savored the feeling of having a full cunt before I thrust up and down, riding Jared hard. He began to pump into me as I rode him, matching me

I straddled his hips and slid straight down onto his cock, feeling him slide up into my pussy and fill me deliciously.

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stroke for stroke. It intensified the already-pleasurable experience, and my pussy was spasming excitedly before I knew it. I rode him harder, my pussy muscles clenching around his dick as I tried to bring him off before I was too lost in my own pleasure to care whether he came. My thighs squeezed around his as I bounced my ass up and down in his lap, and it took only a few seconds of concentrated effort to make Jared explode.

Even though he'd come, he remained hard, and I stayed in his lap, his dick firmly up my cunt. I kept moving, my legs thrusting me up and down and my pussy rapidly clenching and releasing his dick as I got closer and closer to my own climax. Once I got a good rhythm going for myself, it didn't take much longer before I was ready to blow.

When I came, my orgasm was incredible. It was stronger than I'd ever imagined, and it swept through me like a tidal wave. I felt it from the top of my head to the tips of my toes, and everywhere in between.

Eventually, Jared and I made it to the bed and my 500-thread-count sheets, but it didn't seem as important now. Our first time may not have been in the perfect setting, as I'd planned, but the experience was more incredible than expected—and the sex with him just keeps getting better.—*K.P., Michigan*

■ BUTT-FUCKING 101

My wife, Sue, and I just had the hottest sexual experience of our nine-year relationship—a threesome with my sister Ivy's husband. And the best part is, none of us needs to feel guilty.

About a month ago, right before her National Guard unit was deployed again, Ivy invited my wife out for drinks. After Ivy took a shot of liquid courage, she blurted out, "I found out you and Greg are swingers."

Sue was shocked, because we've always been really careful about our partners, and couples in the lifestyle are generally very discreet. My sister explained that a coworker was helping her clean out her office for the temp coming in and saw some photos from a trip Sue and I took with Ivy and Steve. The coworker, amazingly enough, happened to be a woman I fucked in a four-couple swap, and she was thrilled when she "discovered" Ivy and Steve were swingers. She and her husband had had their eyes on Ivy and Steve for a while, and she wasted no time inviting her over for a swap,

Steve fucked Sue's ass hard and fast, and when he pulled out, he watched his come flow out of her backdoor.

outing me and Sue in the process.

Sue told me that she was ready to bolt at that point, and Ivy must have realized it, because she grabbed Sue's hand and babbled an apology that turned into a plea for us to help Steve out while she was overseas. She said her last deployment was really difficult on their marriage because one of their neighbors had tried hard, and almost successfully, to get Steve into bed one night when he was drunk. Ivy said she would rather help him find a partner to deal with his sexual frustration, and she figured nothing could be better than keeping it in the family, sort of.

Sue got over her shock and said she would have to talk to me about it, but she was open to the idea. Then she cautioned Ivy, "There is one thing you need to know, though. As far as Greg is concerned, my pussy is off-limits to other men. When we're with other couples, I only have oral or anal sex."

Sue said Ivy actually paled at that, thought for a minute, then said, "You like anal sex?"

"Honey, I love anal sex!" Sue responded enthusiastically. "If a guy knows what he's doing, it's the best feeling in the world."

Sue thought Ivy seemed intrigued, and realized she was right when Ivy said, "Steve has been asking me to try it for pretty much as long as we've been together. He's never done it, but I tried it once and it was really painful. And Steve is a couple of inches bigger and a lot wider than that guy. I'm terrified by the idea."

"Well, then," Sue said, "I think Greg and I have a mission objective of our own for your deployment. We'll give Steve lessons in how to get you ready for anal play. By the time you come home, he'll be able to drive you absolutely crazy until you're begging for his cock balls-deep in your ass."

Ivy was skeptical about that, but we got together the next night to lay all our cards on the table. As hard as it was for me to discuss our sex life in front of my sister, within an hour everyone was on board for our unconventional arrangement, and Ivy and Steve took off for a private going-away party.

Last night was the first time we all got together, and it was so much better than any of us expected it to be. Steve was nervous when he first came over, so we had a beer and talked. Then, while we were still in the living room, Sue took off her dress to reveal her very sexy corset and

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G-string. She stood in front of Steve with her back to him, and started rubbing her ass against his crotch. His nerves disappeared in a flash, and he grabbed her cheeks with both hands. That made Sue stop dancing and she bent over at the waist, putting her hands on her ankles, and invited Steve to lick her ass.

Steve licked, sucked, and spanked Sue's ass for quite a while, completely enjoying the experience, then dove in and rimmed her asshole till she was frantic with need. I carried her to the bedroom and Sue bent over the side of the bed, ass up and head and shoulders down. She had all her butt plugs and toys arranged on the nightstand, and I showed Steve how to lube up the smallest plug and put it into Sue's asshole.

All the while, Sue was talking to Steve, telling him that he should tell Ivy how hot it made him to see her like this, how tight her ass felt, how much it was turning him on, how hard his dick was. Then she told him that the secret to easing Ivy into anal play was to keep her relaxed. She asked him for the bullet vibrator and demonstrated how she likes to stimulate her clit with it while she gets her ass filled, then told me to show him how to twist the plug and fuck her with it. She came with a scream almost immediately, and Steve was amazed.

We followed that with a second and third plug, in increasing sizes, till Sue was asking for the big one, which is thicker than my dick. Steve couldn't believe she could take it, but Sue had another orgasm before we even got it in all the way. Once her ass was full, she pleaded with me to fuck her cunt. She loves getting double-fucked like that, so I wasn't surprised, but Steve was disappointed—till she told him to lie down in front of her so she could suck his dick.

After Steve and I both came, I showed him how to remove the big plug, and Sue talked him through massaging more lube into her opening to ease any discomfort. She told him she didn't need that anymore, but Ivy might the first time.

When Sue told Steve to fuck her backdoor, he was instantly hard as a rock again. I sat and watched so Sue could continue her lesson, and she gave him the rundown on how he should ease himself in with short thrusts, going slightly deeper each time till he was balls-deep, then stop for a minute or two and hold still while Ivy got accustomed to a dick



in her ass. Once Ivy relaxed, and Sue demonstrated what it would feel like, she said he could go for it.

Steve fucked Sue's ass hard and fast, and—not surprising—didn't last long. He pulled out after and watched his come flow out of her backdoor, then laughed and said he couldn't wait to try that again. Sue turned around and kissed him, laughing too, and said, "Well, I can't wait to have that giant cock in my ass again, so let's relax for a while and move on to our next lesson."

Lesson two involved Steve kneeling on the floor with his ass on his feet and Sue in the same position above him, riding his cock while she sucked mine. This time Steve lasted longer, shooting his come across Sue's back long after I'd shot all over her tits. Before we called it quits for the night, we sent an email to Ivy, telling her we'd met our first mission objective. We also enclosed a photo of the set of butt plugs Sue had bought her. This morning we got back a heartfelt thank you.—G.M., New Jersey

FRESH-AIR FUCKING

My girlfriend isn't "big on nature," as she likes to say. Gwen was born and raised in Los Angeles, and if she's not within five minutes of a designer boutique, she's not happy. When I suggested we go camping for the weekend, she was not exactly enthusiastic about going "off-grid." I had to promise her that we'd spend our next long weekend in Las Vegas to get her to even think about going.

Gwen eventually agreed to the trip, but I had to take care of all the preparations myself. I loaded up my truck and was ready to go by the time Gwen woke up on Friday morning. We headed to a campground a few hours away, and picked the most secluded spot we could find. There wasn't anyone in sight in any direction. It was exactly what I'd been hoping for.

I was setting up the tent when Gwen offered to help. I showed her how to put the poles together and she caught on quickly. We had our campsite set up in record time, and I

was able to start a fire and get some food cooking before she had a chance to complain about being hungry.

After lunch I convinced her to take a hike with me. I'd bought her hiking boots and some shorts and T-shirts just for the trip so she couldn't complain about ruining her clothes. I'd even packed my extra-large backpack with snacks and an extra canteen so she wouldn't have to carry anything. I wanted to make it as easy for her as possible so she'd actually enjoy it. But halfway up the mountain, Gwen started getting antsy, and I just knew the complaints were about to start.

I expected her to bitch about the bugs, or the heat, or even how much her feet hurt, but when she demanded that we stop for a break, she blew me away by telling me that she was "fuckin' horny" and didn't think she could make it to the summit without getting some dick in her. Well, I wasn't prepared for that complaint at all, but I wasn't about to make her suffer.

I pulled her off the trail a bit and found an old stone wall we could duck behind if anyone came along. I dropped my pack and looked around for the most comfortable place to screw. There was a pretty big rock a few feet from the wall, and it looked like it would do the trick. I unzipped my shorts and sat on the rock, then motioned for Gwen to join me.

She hadn't been lying when she'd said she was horny. As she kissed me, she pulled my dick out of my shorts. Her shorts came off a second later, followed by the bikini bottoms she'd worn instead of panties. She rubbed her pussy for a second, working her fingers over her lips and clit until I could see the glistening moisture that clung there, and then she climbed into my lap. She straddled me and sat, sliding her cunt down over my stiff dick until I was buried to the hilt.

Her cunt was tight and wet, and it felt good on my dick—so good that I thrust up into her almost as soon as she had settled into my lap. I grabbed her hips and guided her up and down my shaft as she planted her boot-clad feet on the rock behind me and moved with me. She thrust and ground her hips, and soon she was moaning loudly with pleasure.

When I got to the point where I needed more friction, I tightened her arms around my shoulders and her legs around my waist and began to thrust frantically. My hips were thrashing between her and the rock,



Her cunt was tight and wet, and it felt good on my dick—so good that I thrust into her as soon as she settled on my lap.

and each time I pulled out a little my ass hit the rock soundly, but I didn't care. I pumped into Gwen with as much force as I could, and her body slapped rhythmically against mine as I brought us both closer to our peaks.

Gwen clenched her pussy muscles around my dick, and I knew she was on the verge of climax. Her clench-and-release technique brought me up to speed, too, and soon I could feel the come roiling in my balls, ready to explode out of me. A few more thrusts and we were both screaming in excitement as we came, my balls shooting wave after wave of come into Gwen's pussy while she released a river of her sweet juices over my shaft.

We finished our hike to the summit, then made our way back to the campsite, stopping twice more to fool around. The next two days were hot repeats of that first day. I think it's safe to say that Gwen is now a big fan of the great outdoors. She's already asking when we can go camping again!—B.G., New Mexico

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■ IT'S SHOWTIME!

The balcony off my bedroom is what sold me on my current apartment, which has taken more work than I'd wanted to put in, and doesn't have the closet space I really need. But the balcony totally makes the place worth some sacrifice.

When it's nice out, I like to sit out there and get some sun. I've never been so tan in my life. I like being able to walk right out of the bedroom and into the day every morning, too, letting the fresh air and sunshine wake me up. But the best part of the balcony is that I can now expose myself to hundreds of people daily!

I'm not shy about my body, and I've always been a bit of an exhibitionist. Having the perfect setting for my stripteases has only increased my desire to bare it all in front of complete strangers. Sometimes I go out there at night and change into my nightie, letting everyone—the neighbors, the passersby, anybody—watch me strip out of my clothes and slip into my skimpy nightgown. Other times I sunbathe in the buff. But my favorite thing to do lately is to masturbate out on the balcony.

On Saturday mornings, when I'm at my horniest, I put on some sunscreen, a hat, and shades, and I go sit on the balcony. Sometimes I bring a dirty magazine or a trashy romance novel, other times I bring a dildo or vibrator, but most of the time I go out empty-handed. When I'm really horny, which is almost all the time, I don't need anything but my fingers and a place to show off.

I like to sit on my chaise, my legs spread wide, and stroke my pussy. I trail my finger up and down my thin landing strip of pussy hair, teasing myself, and then push it between my pink lips. I like the feel of the slick juice against my finger and the way my clit throbs as I begin to play with myself. Most of all, though, I love knowing that anyone who walks by can look up to the third floor and check me out.

Sometimes I like to lie back on the chaise and frantically finger-fuck myself to climax, but usually I stay seated. I like being able to watch the people watching me. That's the most arousing part of the whole thing. It's nice to know people are checking me out, admiring me, but it's even better if I can see them looking up at me.

Guys always stand and stare, but when a woman does it, I get incredibly aroused. Knowing there's a woman admiring me as I finger my pussy and



strum my clit—that's really hot! If I see a woman watching me, I'll really play up my pleasure. I'll fuck my pussy harder, my fingers thrusting furiously in and out of my slit, and if I still have her attention after that, I'll slide my fingers into my mouth to taste myself.

Even if no one's watching, I still get off on masturbating on the balcony. There's nothing like having an orgasm outside and feeling the sun beat down on my pussy as I catch my breath. I

have to say, though—self-pleasure is best if you can share it with others.—*E.J., California*

■ SECRET RENDEZVOUS

There's nothing worse than going to a wedding solo. People say it's the best place to meet men, but there are rarely any single guys at the weddings I go to. When I went to my sister's wedding, though, I lucked out.

My older sister was getting married, and my younger sister was the maid of honor, leaving me as a bridesmaid. My sisters promised I'd like the groomsman I was paired with, but I was doubtful. Not that my sisters don't have good taste in men, but ... we don't like the same kinds of men. But when I met Nate, I knew they were right. He was a catch!

I like to sit on my chaise, my legs spread wide, and stroke my pussy before pushing a finger between my pink lips.


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Nate was ruggedly handsome, with perfectly messy hair and a sexy five-o'clock shadow, nothing like the clean-cut guys my sisters preferred. We made it down the aisle together, and even got through the first dance at the reception—and then we snuck off to the bride's room together. We'd been flirting since the second we met, and as we'd finished our first dance, Nate suggested we go somewhere "to get some privacy."

Nate led me to the large room where the bridal party had hung out before the ceremony. We scanned the hall one last time and then ducked in. Nate's pants were around his ankles the moment the door slammed shut behind us, as were my panties, and he had a condom on a second later. As his tongue slipped into my mouth, he pushed me up against the wall, grabbed my ass, and lifted me up. While he held me in position, I guided his cock to my pussy.

I slid down onto his shaft easily, but it took a little more work to get a rhythm going. He held tight to my ass and I arched my back against the wall to get some leverage. He started

He pushed me up against the wall and lifted me up. While he held me, I guided his cock to my pussy.

thrusting against me, and I pulled my hand out from between our bodies so I could twine my arms around his neck. I pushed my arms down against his shoulders, lifting myself up and sliding his cock out a bit. I tightened my legs around his waist and thrust more.

Nate pumped into me over and over again, somehow managing to bring me to climax in a matter of minutes. He was still hard and going strong, though, and he fucked me through my orgasm and right into the next one. Then he finally came, too. We were dressed and back downstairs within 20 minutes of leaving. While the rest of the reception couldn't measure up to the sex, it was still the best wedding I'd ever attended.—S.V., New York



Correction from January 2012: The following credit should have run with the layout of 2012 Pet of the Year Jenna Rose, on pages 38-49: Leather necklace and rhinestone bracelet from Penthouse Jewelry, available at PenthouseStore.com.



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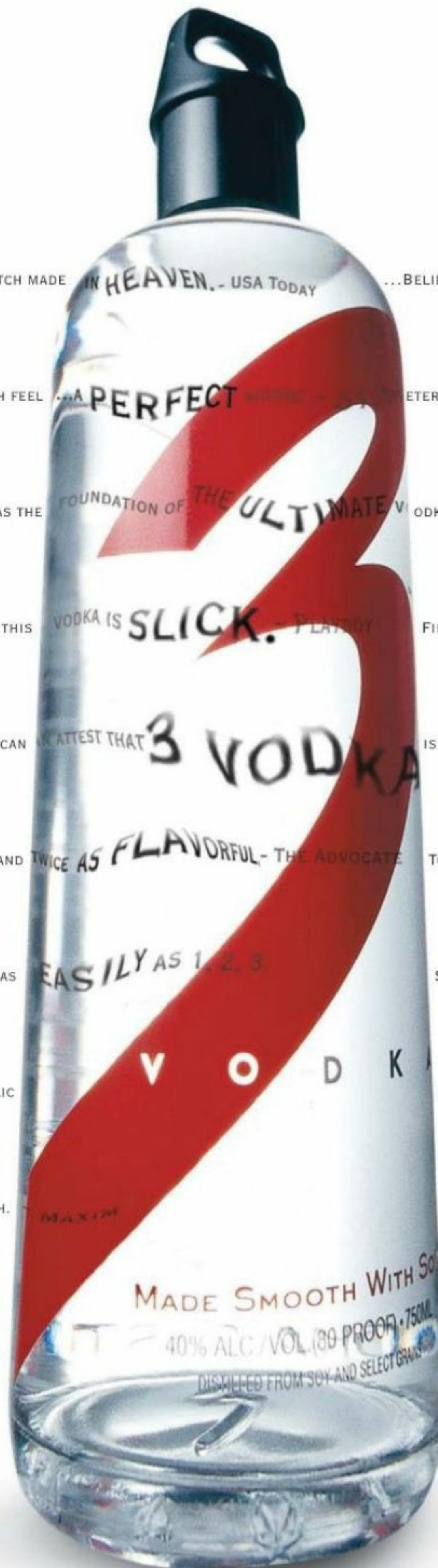
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